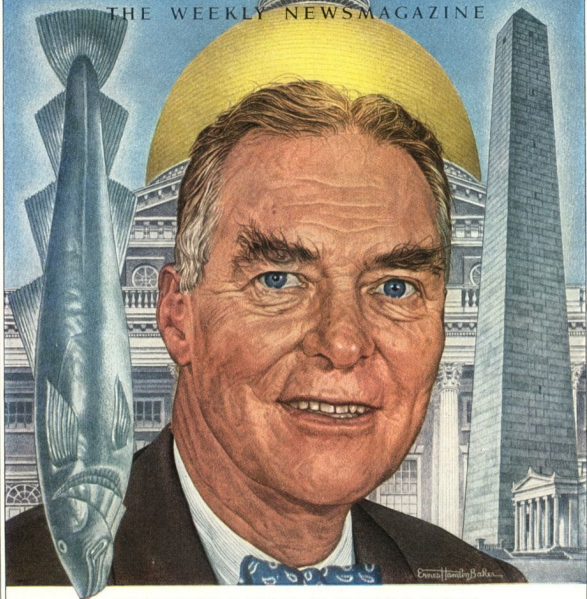
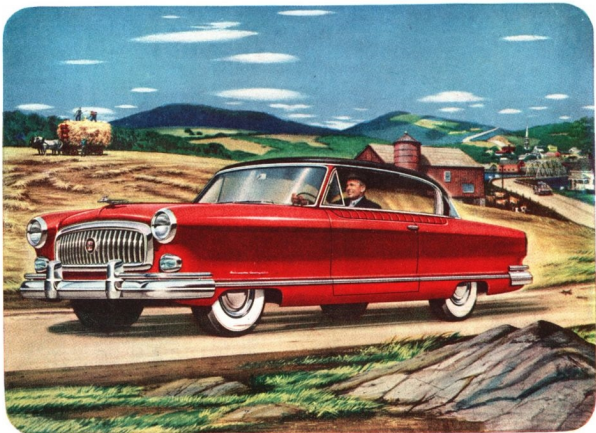


# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



MASSACHUSETTS' GOVERNOR CHRISTIAN HERTER  
Under statehouse domes, a source of new strength.



*The Nash Ambassador Airflyte, styled in the continental manner by Pinin Farina. Hood ornament by Petty, white sidewall tires extra.*



## **To the Boy who wanted a Stutz Bearcat...**

**R**EMEMBER how you hungered for it—all saucy red and bright with brass? Remember how your pulse raced to its engine throb? That was it . . . that old Stutz Bearcat, Heaven-on-wheels to that boy you used to be!

Today we invite you to be young again—to thrill to the wonder and romance of travel again.

Come and take command of the proudest car ever styled by Pinin Farina of Europe—this new Nash Ambassador “Country Club”!

**Come and wonder** at true continental styling attuned to American standards of room and comfort . . . the luxury of custom interiors—with the widest seats, the greatest eye-level visibility ever built into an automobile. Relax in airliner reclining seats that end the ache of dawn-to-sunset travel.

Then—feel the pounding of your pulse when the mighty “Le Mans” Dual-Jetfire engine lets loose. For this is the Nash custom power option that over the years has set the greatest record of all American engines in the 24-hour road race at Le Mans, France!

**Never** have you known such performance . . . and never have you known such handling ease as you have with new Nash Power Steering.

And as the road unrolls and new enchantments greet your eye you’ll know why we even built sleeping beds in a Nash. For you’re going to travel as you’ve never traveled before!

**Let us** put this great car in your hands. Discover why this brilliant Nash Ambassador is today’s heaven-on-wheels for you!

Take the Key and See—

You’ll Find None so New as

**Nash** Airflytes

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.



AMBASSADOR



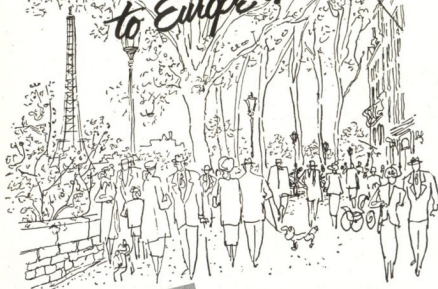
STATESMAN



RAMBLER



Two Wonderful  
reasons for going  
to Europe this Fall!



The new s.s. UNITED STATES  
—less than 5 days to Europe



The s.s. AMERICA—for  
extra hours of leisure at sea



Sail on America's "big two" for golden autumn days in an uncrowded Europe.

You step aboard with the band playing (there are 3 Meyer Davis orchestras on each ship). A beaming steward ushers you into your king-size stateroom—and you start revising upward any ideas you've ever had about perfect service and accommodations.

The food? To describe it you need a lyricist with a gourmet's vocabulary. A tremendous choice—and the chefs have never yet failed to fulfill a special order. World's fastest liner,

the great new s.s. UNITED STATES is air conditioned from keel to kennels with temperature control in every stateroom. Sails from New York at noon, arrives Havre as early as 5 a.m. the 5th day.

But you debark after breakfast and not by a tender but at a covered pier. Same comfortable dock-side landing later at Southampton.

s.s. AMERICA calls at Cobh, Havre, Southampton, Bremerhaven. Gives you more time to enjoy the friendly atmosphere that makes her the ship for thousands of travelers.



Mr. and Mrs. Kingman Douglass (the former Adele Astaire): "The AMERICA is our favorite. So much living space on a ship! She has a happy atmosphere, plenty of entertainment."



"Bouquets to the beautiful UNITED STATES!" from Hildegard, famous chanteuse. "She showers you with service... the cuisine is 'magnifique' A ship with a sparkling personality."



Helen Hayes, America's beloved star of "Mrs. McThing," on the s.s. AMERICA: "In all my travel, I've never been served by such a well trained staff. I could go into ecstasies about the Continental cuisine, too. I'm proud that she flies the American flag."



"The time of our lives—it's impossible to be bored," Messrs. Burnet, Grant and Vaughan agree their crossing on the s.s. UNITED STATES is—"gayest ever. We're sorry it will be over so soon."

**s.s. UNITED STATES**    **s.s. AMERICA**  
sails from New York    sails from New York  
Aug. 21, Sept. 4,    Sept. 3, Sept. 25,  
Sept. 17, Sept. 30,    Oct. 15, Nov. 5, and  
regularly thereafter    regularly thereafter.  
First Class \$350 up;    First Class \$295 up;  
Cabin \$220 up;    Cabin \$200 up;  
Tourist \$165 up.    Tourist \$160 up.

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TIME, AUGUST 17, 1953

# ***Make way for power with a new thrill!***



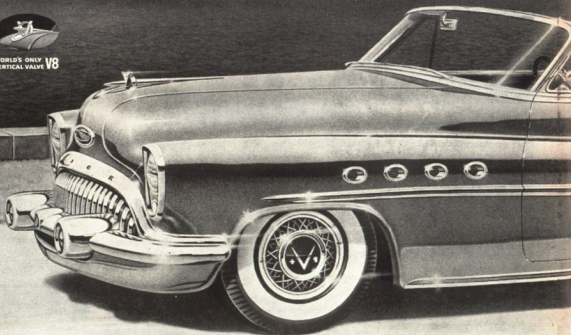
**T**H**E**R**E** is vested in this 1953 Buick ROADMASTER a performance combination that can set you atingle with sheer joy.

On the one hand, you have the most advanced V8 engine ever placed in a standard-production American automobile.

*It is the only such V8 with vertical valves, zero power loss muffler, 8.5 to 1 compression ratio. It is the highest-powered engine in Buick history—and the first Fireball V8.*



WORLD'S ONLY  
VERTICAL VALVE V8



On the other hand, you have Dynaflow Drive—the new *Twin-Turbine* Dynaflow.

*It is the fully automatic transmission with new getaway, new quiet, new firmness of take-hold—plus complete and utter smoothness through all ranges. It is, in fact, power delivery in one smooth, progressive build-up that brings you from standstill to cruising pace in a few happy heartbeats.*

But you thrill to more than just brilliant new power and performance in this superbly crafted Buick RoadMASTER Convertible.

You feel the caress of wonderful weather. With a pull on a button, you sweep back the top—and have

the sun-filled sky or the star-sprinkled heavens for your canopy overhead.

And you travel in supreme comfort, control your going with consummate ease.

For here you ride with the level buoyancy of all-coil springing—turn your wheels with the as-needed assistance of Power Steering—brake to slow or stop with velvety sureness and, if you desire, with the almost effortless pressure of Power Brakes.\*

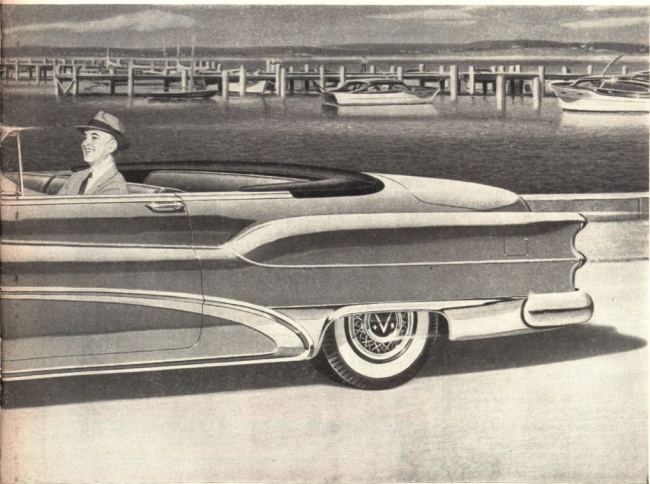
Why not try this wonderful way to go? Your Buick dealer will be more than happy to put a ROADMASTER in your hands for your own demonstration. See him soon.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

*\*Optional at extra cost.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

# **ROADMASTER** *Custom Built* by **BUICK**



# LETTERS

## The Gloomy Dean

Sir: . . . The most horrible thing I have yet read in *TIME* appears in the issue of July 27, William Ralph Inge, 93, the "Gloomy Dean" of London's St. Paul's, is quoted as telling London's *Daily Express* that he does not know there is a life beyond the grave—"in the sense in which the Church teaches it"—and has no vision of a "welcoming God."

I would have given much to have kept this dreadful interview out of your columns . . . I thank God that there are few like him in the great Anglican church . . .

(THE REV.) LAWTON RILEY

Christ Church  
Eagle Lake, Texas

Sir: . . . I am a Roman Catholic, and while I do not agree with the teachings of the Church of England, I do greatly resent your publishing this type of utter nonsense . . .

F. H. NEITZEL

Boise, Idaho

Sir: . . . Out of the mire of wishful thinking, Dean Inge lifts the whole field of religion. He is a fearless seeker after spiritual truth . . .

At the end of World War I, a group of us followed the verger through the vast spaces of St. Paul's. When someone mentioned the Gloomy Dean, the verger said firmly: "E hain't the Gloomy Dean; 'e's the sad hop-timist!"

L. E. HEMINGTON

Washington, D.C.  
Metaphorical Cowder

Sir: In *TIME*, July 20, we read: "Author [Bernard] Russell uses live bait and barbed hooks, tickles out many a specimen of his lifelong enemies in suburbia . . ."

If "tickling" is an art . . . in which fish are taken without tackle by skillful manipulation of the hand, then *TIME* has its gills in the net of mixed metaphors.

V. A. TORKILDSON

Milwaukee  
¶ I read Torkildson should have seen the metaphor that got away.—ED.

## Square in a Cube

Sir: Who's the square in 3-D (cube that is) digging? Pete Candoli blivvin' clarinet on *Hey, Bellboy!* platter [July 27] review? That's a trumpet, Dad . . .

MAINE MORRIS

Santa Monica, Calif.

Sir: Man, you goofed!! . . . Give credit to Pete's horn. It's the most!

RICHAUD GROSSMAN

Philadelphia

## Garnish That Fulcher

Sir: . . . When we see Kentucky and Mississippi arguing as to who was responsible for the discovery of the mint julep [*TIME*, July 20], without even a mention of the Mountain State, we think it is time to step in and defend our honor. The Kentucky julep didn't even become popular until around 1881 . . . In the early 1830s, a tavern, which later became the Old White and still later the Green-

brier Hotel at White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., was famous for its mint juleps . . . But there are indications, turned up by our office, that the julep was invented right in this section early in 1800 by slaves who used a mountain brew called fulcher® whisky and garnished their master's juleps with the mint that grew around their crude cabins . . .

ANDREW V. RUCKMAN  
Executive Director

West Virginia Industrial  
and Publicity Commission  
Charleston, W. Va.

## Domestic Symphony

Sir: . . . I am happy that Eleanor Steber had such a wonderful success in Richard Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten* [*TIME*, June 29] . . . I remember . . . exhausting rehearsals with Richard Strauss . . . I went to his home in Garmisch—he studied the part of the [dyer's] wife with me.

He really was a very simple family man, entirely devoted to his temperamental wife—she was really a henpecked husband . . . I sang a lot of his lieder, and often his wife Pauline would listen. Some of the lieder seemed to bring back happy memories to them both, and Pauline would run to him, throwing her arms around him, saying with big sobs of touching sentimentality, "Do you remember, Richard?"—and he would have tears in his eyes, too. They were a strange couple. They fought like mad—needless to say, Pauline always started these fights . . . He said to me when I departed: "You have seen a lot which you will find strange in this house. But believe me, all the praises in the world are not so refreshing as my wife's outbreaks of temperament."

He was so accustomed to meeting people who adored him, bowed before him in reverence. He did not like it; he was a thoroughly straightforward man—and his Pauline was like a draft of fresh water . . .

LOTTE LEHMANN

Santa Barbara, Calif.

## Code for Young Men

Sir: Re your July 27 article, "The Need for Risk Capital—Where Is the Small Investor?" You imply that the stock exchanges are remiss in failing to brainwash the public

⊗ A brandy base with corn liquor added.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to *TIME & LIFE* Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

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**TIME**  
August 17, 1953

back to the advantages of stock ownership . . . But Government penalties of non-proportional taxation, excessive controls and filing of forms has written a new code for the young men: 1) Avoid individual initiative, leave this to your union organizer, don't be anti-social; 2) Be a salaried man, employ no one, and avoid all the paper work and contact with governmental controls; 3) Never take on a business risk when tempted, close the eyes and repeat, "What I want most is security from the cradle to the grave."

Savings accounts? Yes. You can have one and still be a "worker." Stocks? No. The birthright of "worker" will now be tainted with capitalism . . .

A. G. WOOD

Los Angeles

Sir: The "little man" will probably continue to pull his purse strings tight when it comes to buying common stocks until he is shown how easy it is to acquire ownership of shares "by the dollar's worth."

I am one of some 3,000 "consistent investors" who are accumulating well-known dividend-paying stocks out of income without going into debt, without using large sums of money, and without watching the ticker tape. I buy what I know and buy as I go . . .

THOMAS R. REMINGTON

Rochester, N.Y.

## Illinois Report

Sir: In your Aug. 3 account of my forced resignation from the presidency of the University of Illinois . . . there is one item that constitutes a misstatement: "Last winter he [Stoddard] got into a fight with Illinois Governor William G. Stratton, who refused an unreasonable Stoddard's request for more than a half million dollars to set up a university TV station." Actually, the Governor never received any such request from the university . . . The maximum amount approved by the board of trustees was \$175,000 per year. Since the Governor would not approve the total university askings, which included this item, it was decided to place the station on a minimum basis.

What we fought against was an absolute prohibition against educational TV in the state of Illinois . . . I am proud to have opposed [it], but I cannot take much credit for its defeat . . .

GEORGE D. STODDARD  
President

University of Illinois  
Urbana, Ill.

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Volume LXII  
Number 7

TIME, AUGUST 17, 1953





What has TYRANNOSAURUS REX got to do with

# ARTHRITIS?

It may surprise you to know that doctors . . . in their search for more knowledge about arthritis . . . have made intensive studies of the bones and joints of prehistoric dinosaurs. They have found that dinosaurs, like *Tyrannosaurus rex*, had arthritic joints.

As a result of these studies, medical science has learned much about the origin and history of arthritis, the joints that are most often affected by it, and how the disease damages them.

Arthritis has long been a leading cause of disability. Today about 10 million Americans have the disease in one of its many forms, the two most common of which are *osteoarthritis* and *rheumatoid arthritis*.

Of the two, *osteoarthritis* occurs

most often. In fact, almost everyone who is beyond middle age has a touch of it, probably as a result of normal wear and tear on the joints.

Rheumatoid arthritis is the most severe form of the disease as it affects not only the joints, but the entire body. It usually begins between the ages of 20 and 50.

Not too long ago, arthritis often meant a life of misery or some degree of crippling. Today, the outlook is far brighter for many arthritics. Under modern treatment, *carefully adjusted to the needs of the individual patient*, doctors can do much to relieve or prevent pain and to lessen or prevent disability.

Treatment, however, must be started

early for best results. Otherwise, lasting damage may be done to one or more joints.

Arthritis seldom, if ever, strikes suddenly. Any person who complains of a generally "run down" condition, and who has slight but recurring attacks of pain, discomfort or swelling in or about the joints, should be promptly examined by his doctor . . . *before his trouble becomes disabling.*

Authorities emphasize that chronic arthritis is rarely, if ever, controlled by any single measure. They also say that the so-called "sure cures" for arthritis generally do little more than provide temporary relief. Before using any medicine for arthritis, it is wise to have the doctor's advice.

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To 1 out of every 3

# Why Kent ought to

**T**HERE ARE many reasons why KENT has skyrocketed into the greatest popularity of any new brand of cigarette introduced in the last twenty years.

One, of course, is the wonderfully rich flavor of fine tobacco that gives you the enjoyment and satisfaction you want from any cigarette.

But the biggest reason for KENT's success is right before your eyes.

It is the fact that KENT's "Micronite" Filter removes up to seven times more nicotine and tars than other filter cigarettes.

The proof of this fact you see in these two photographs, just as millions do each week on the suspense-packed TV show, "The Web," and in store demonstrations across the country.

## What the Micronite Filter does for you

It is an established medical fact that at least 1 out of every 3 smokers is sensitive to the nicotine and tars in tobacco smoke.

If you are one of these tobacco-sensitive people—yet still like to smoke—it is important that you smoke a cigarette that takes out *enough tars and nicotine to protect your health.*

KENT's exclusive Micronite Filter re-



**Before the TV audience,** two glasses are filled with smoke—one from a KENT, the second from another well-known brand of filter-tip cigarette, Brand X. Then the glasses are allowed to sit for a few minutes while the nicotine and tar particles in the smoke settle...

moves nicotine and tar particles as small as  $2/10$  of a micron... so tiny that a grain of sand would cover about 5,000 of them.

This is *high* filtration—and no other filter approaches this effectiveness. Thus, KENT gives you the greatest health protection in cigarette history... and, at the same time, the satisfaction of true smoking pleasure.

## How high filtration came about

The need for high filtration... for a really effective filter... has been recognized for years. But the P. Lorillard Company, makers of KENT cigarettes, knew that the fil-

ters then (and still) in use could give only *low* filtration because they were made of plain cellulose, cotton or crepe paper.

After long search, however, the makers

# Kent

takes out up to 7 times more nicotine and tars

cigarette smokers:

# be Your Cigarette



**Look at the difference!** See what's happened—when the glasses are removed, there's a dark, ugly stain left by the irritants in the smoke of the other filter cigarette. But from the KENT there's hardly a trace! Visual proof of the greatest health protection ever!

of KENTs discovered that the material used to purify the air in atomic energy plants provided really *high* filtration. Adapted for use in KENT's Micronite Fil-

ter, it has proved to be the most effective material yet found for removing microscopic impurities from smoke, the first to remove enough nicotine and tars to protect sensitive smokers.

#### Why you should try KENT

If you're one of the millions of smokers sensitive to tars and nicotine, you need the high filtration that only KENT offers you.

Try them! We're sure that after smoking a carton of KENTs you'll find you're getting much more enjoyment out of smoking and that you're feeling a whole lot better, too!



with exclusive  
"MICRONITE" filter

—leaves in full, rich tobacco flavor.

# to South America BIG BUSINESS flies Braniff

For instance, Sears, Roebuck and Company's Chairman Robert Elkington Wood. General Wood, famed merchandising monarch, is a foremost authority on business methods and procedures in Latin America. Under his adroit leadership, Sears has invested \$25,000,000.00 south of the continental limits, extending operations as far beyond the equator as Sao Paulo and Rio de Janeiro. In fact—in a brief but busy six years—Sears is firmly established as Latin America's largest retailer. General Wood recently flew to South America with us. He was highly pleased with the results. We're delighted when such a VIP chooses our service—you'll find a royal welcome awaiting you, too, from Braniff.

**Business travelers:** the Braniff Business Bureau is at your service—to help with information and arrangements. Just let us know your needs. **Vacationers:** write for our colorful new travel folder, featuring South American tours priced as low as \$912.00 from the Miami gateway. Business or pleasure bound, you've a choice of luxury DC-6 sleeper flights or low-cost 4-engine tourist liners. For reservations, see your travel agent or any of 139 Braniff offices throughout the hemisphere.

Gen. Robert E. Wood, Chairman  
Sears, Roebuck and Company



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## THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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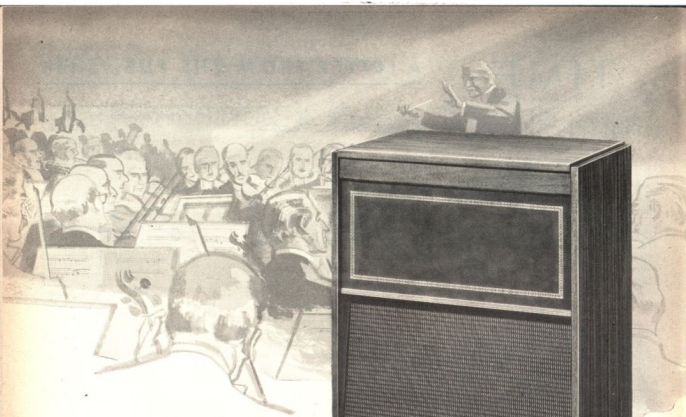
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James A. Linen

*Cordially yours,*

James A. Linen

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**Y**OU AND YOUR FAMILY are invited to hear this new wonder of the electronic age on display at your Magnavox dealer's.\*

You'll discover that your favorite recorded music takes on a new dimension—realism—when heard on the high-fidelity Magnasonic. For, here at last is an instrument capable of reproducing the *entire* musical range as captured on today's *extended-range* recordings!

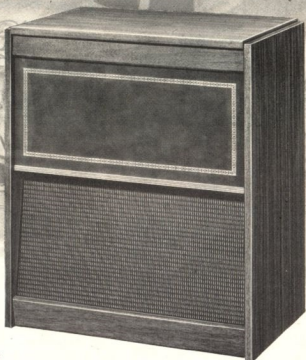
The Magnasonic lets you enjoy every

delicate musical variation, every thrilling crescendo, every subtle overtone *exactly* as it was played into the recording microphone—with all the spirit, color and excitement of a live concert. You'll find that you are actually "hearing" your records for the first time!

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*the magnificent*  
**Magnavox**  
*high-fidelity phonograph*



The Magnasonic  
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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### The New Bomb

Premier Malenkov's announcement that Russia has the hydrogen bomb was aimed at the U.S., and as a verbal bombshell it was something of a dud. In Washington there was none of the ashen-faced confusion that followed the discovery, in 1949, that the Russians had exploded an atomic bomb. President Eisenhower heard the news and an hour later took off for Denver and vacation without comment.

Was there really a Russian H-bomb? High-flying U.S. airplanes continually monitor the upper air to collect telltale evidence of atomic explosions. They had reported no evidence, as yet, of a Soviet hydrogen explosion. But the handful of men who know the most about hydrogen bombs (and cannot forget that an entire Pacific island disappeared when the U.S. successfully exploded an experimental model last November) were prepared to assume that the Russians have the H-bomb secret. The U.S. atomic scientists have, in fact, been waiting for the Russian H-bomb ever since they learned of the treachery of Communist Spy Klaus Fuchs, who knew much about U.S. H-bomb planning.

From his home in Culpeper, Va., AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss stated: "We have never assumed that it was beyond the capability of the Russians to produce such a weapon and that is the reason why, more than three years ago, it was decided to press forward with this development for ourselves."

In Los Angeles, Strauss's predecessor at the AEC, Gordon Dean, was less inhibited by official responsibility. "America must realize," said he, "that the Russians have a strong atomic potentiality; strong scientific talent, great engineering know-how, vast deposits of ore, and the police state in which all these things can be effectively combined. Under such conditions it would be both foolish and extremely dangerous for America to assume Malenkov was lying."

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### A Good Beginning

Holding up their partisan yardstick, the Democrats measured off the record of the 83rd Congress last week and ruled it a Republican fiasco. In a radio report to the nation last week, Dwight Eisenhower measured the 83rd's first session against the broad aims and purposes of his Ad-



Walter Bennett

AEC CHAIRMAN STRAUSS  
Forewarned by treachery.

ministration and ruled it a good beginning—"I repeat—only a little more than a beginning."

Behind all the diverse acts of Congress and the Executive, said Eisenhower, lay his "clearly defined purpose," to strengthen freedom and faith in freedom both at home and abroad. In pursuit of this objective, the Administration had scored some notable successes abroad. Said Ike: "Berlin and Korea have been two of the scenes chosen by the Communist world for flagrant acts of aggression since World War II. Today precisely these same two places present dramatic evidence of the will of free men to stay free and to make freedom work."

**Mutual Confidence.** To strengthen the cause of freedom in the U.S., the Administration had labored to give the nation a government "honored at home and respected abroad." The federal payroll had been cut, and Government employees who were clearly bad security risks had been "swiftly expelled." Less dramatic but even closer to Ike's heart was the task of establishing mutual confidence between Congress and the Executive. This confidence, noted the President, "is not easy to perfect

at a time when one great party, after 20 years of political life in the opposition, ousts another from office." Nonetheless, "both the executive and legislative branches have worked with patience and good will to insure that this government is not divided against itself."

The Administration's economic program had been designed to promote individual liberty and initiative. Said Ike: "To free our economy from bonds that denatured healthy and necessary competition, we abolished a labyrinth of needless controls." And while the \$258 billion increase in the federal debt in the last 23 years forbade immediate lowering of taxes, "the Executive and the Congress reduced the previous Administration's budget request for the current year by almost \$13 billion . . . some \$80 for every American."

**Future Hazard.** Despite his evident pride of accomplishment, Ike saw no grounds for complacency. "I know of no official of this Administration," he said, "so foolish as to believe that we, who in January came to Washington, have seen and conquered all the problems of our nation. The future, both immediate and distant, remains full of trial and hazard. The end of our staggering economic burden is not yet in sight. The end of the peril to peace is not clearly in view."

Ike's measurements doubtless stretched the six months' accomplishments about as far as they would go. But they indicated that Dwight Eisenhower has learned how to maintain his broad objectives amid the pressures of everyday specifics, and is beginning to feel more at home in the business of government.

### FOREIGN RELATIONS

#### "What We Are Trying to Do"

No issue was ever settled by a military armistice; it is what is done after the armistice that counts. At the time of the Korean truce-signing, Illinois Senator Paul Douglas remarked wryly that if the truce "had been put through by Truman and Acheson, there would have been cries throughout the country to impeach them." Douglas was probably correct, but not in the sense that he intended. The U.S. had accepted a Korean armistice because it trusted Dwight Eisenhower to make the most of the uneasy peace to work out a firm approach to Communism in Asia—something that Truman and Acheson had never been able to do.

There is increasing evidence that the

Eisenhower Administration is working out just such an approach, with an eye to the concrete details. Last week, at the Governors' Conference in Seattle, the President had some things to say about the continuing goals of U.S. policy in Asia, now that the armistice has been signed. Immediate object: the defense of Indo-China.

**Line Blocked.** Said the President: "The last great population remaining in Asia that has not become dominated by the Kremlin, of course, is the subcontinent of India [and] Pakistan . . . Now let us assume that we lose Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, several things happen right away. The [Malay] Peninsula, the last little bit of land hanging on down there [see map], would be scarcely defensible. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming, and all India would be outflanked. Burma would be in no position for defense."

Noting the rise of Communist influence in Iran, on India's other flank, Eisenhower continued: "All of that position around there is very ominous to the U.S., because, if we lost all that, how would the free world hold the rich empire of Indonesia? So you see, somewhere along the line, this must be blocked and it must be blocked now, and that's what we are trying to do."

Fresh from his trip out on the line in Asia, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles flew home this week, bringing the results of his conferences with Syngman Rhee: a hard and fast treaty of alliance between the U.S. and the Republic of South Korea, which assures the Koreans of U.S. military protection, without bind-

ing the U.S. to support any vagaries of Rhee's foreign policy. Also, with a \$1 billion aid program, Dulles agreed to build up ravaged South Korea into "an Asian show window of democracy." Clearly, the U.S. has firmly planted the flag of freedom on the coast of Asia.

**Irritation Removed.** On his swing back through Tokyo, Dulles prodded the Japanese to get them to step up their rearmament for defense. But he also made a striking political concession to Japan, at a time when this sensitive country, whose big industry holds Asia's balance of power, is worried about its economic future and is being sedulously wooed by Russia and Communist China. The return of the Amami Oshima archipelago to Japanese rule, after eight years of U.S. occupation, removes a major source of Japanese irritation with the U.S., and puts some uncomfortable pressure on the Russians to do likewise with the extensive Japanese real estate (e.g., the Kuril Islands) they hold in the north.

The whole trend of policy was underscored by an unmistakable note of warning to the Chinese Communists, from the direction of the United Nations command. Said General Mark Clark, on a brief U.S. visit from his headquarters in Tokyo: "I would favor using any and every weapon at the disposal of our country, if we had to start hostilities again." And, in Manhattan, all 16 nations of the U.N. command added that any truce-breaking would probably bring reprisals against the Communists outside of Korea. "In all probability," they warned, "it would not be possible to confine hostilities within the frontiers of Korea."

## THE STATES

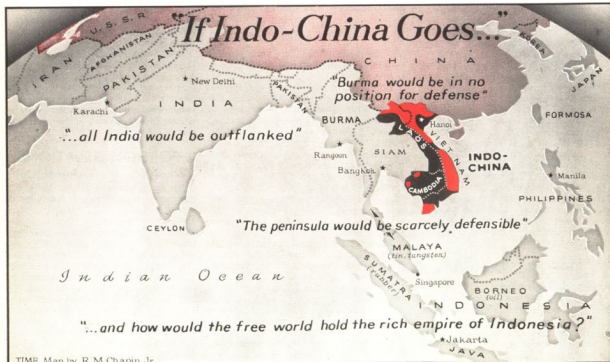
### A Time for Governors

(See Cover)

The sight of Dwight Eisenhower beaming and bowing in their midst was a momentous symbol for 42 governors gathered last week in Seattle for their 45th annual conference. Not in 15 years had a President of the United States visited them, and after the death of Robert Taft, the governors thought that Eisenhower had sufficient excuse to break his long-standing date. But to Ike's mind, the conference was an all-important rendezvous.

Immediately after the state funeral for Taft, the President picked up Ohio's Governor Frank Lausche (who was in Washington for the funeral) and Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, boarded his silver Constellation and took off for the Northwest. On the way, he managed a brief catnap in one of the plane's berths; ten hours and 2,507 miles later, when the big Connie came down through grey clouds at Boeing Field, Seattle, he looked fresh and chipper. That night at the governors' black-tie dinner, Ike unexpectedly turned up as just another guest to listen to an unimpressive speech by Humphrey on monetary policy: at 10:30 p.m. (2:30 a.m. by White House time) the President was still going strong.

Next morning, in a snappy tweed sport jacket and slacks, the President attended a plenary session of the conference, where he delivered a meandering, off-the-cuff address, which was at its best when he shared with the governors his strategic theories on Asia (see Foreign Relations). But Ike's effectiveness at Seattle was not





in what he said; it was in his hearty salutation and his deep bow of respect to the governors.

"I'll probably accept every invitation you send me," he told them, "and I'll send you more." After he climbed back into his plane for the weary trip home, the governors settled down in a warm glow to talk shop.

**Thirty-Dome Command.** The real news of the conference was in the clearly evident new stature of the governors—both collectively and individually—in the affairs of the nation. A White House aide put his finger on it: "In the President's mind, there are three U.S. governing bodies: the Senate, the House and the governors." As head of the Republican Party, Ike had another good reason to go to Seattle last week: under 30 statehouse domes, Republicans are in command.

Compared with the perilous G.O.P. working majority in Congress, they are a steady force indeed. They represent real strength. The President would never forget how 23 G.O.P. governors, at their conference in Houston last year just before the Republican Convention, endorsed his position on the contested delegations—a move which was instrumental in swinging the nomination his way. During the campaign, Ike leaned heavily on such individual governors as New Hampshire's Sherman Adams, Nebraska's Val Peterson and New York's Tom Dewey for his crucial decisions.

**Afterthoughts for Utah.** At their early breakfasts and their late bull sessions in the Olympic Hotel, the Republican governors were pleased to discover how close their political views were to Ike's. Most Democratic governors, too (notable exception: Michigan's Fair Dealing G. Mennen Williams), were revealed as ideologically close to Ike. The governors are generally middle-roads; they favor sound money before tax cuts, a firm foreign policy, the return of power to the states—all pillars of the Eisenhower political philosophy. At first, Utah's J. Bracken Lee, a Taftman from way back, stood out like a sore thumb in his dissent. He denounced the Administration for going "down the same road we did with the New Deal." But at the convention's end, Lee had some afterthoughts. "I guess I'm so far out of step I'll have to review my thinking," he said. "I guess there are a lot of things I don't know."

Important to the G.O.P.'s future was the fact that, for the first time, the governors were talking in terms of coordinated political action. In Washington, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams was working out a plan for a governors' "speakers' bureau." The plan, originated by Arizona's up & coming Howard Pyle, will set the governors off on a Chautauqua-like swing through their own states, commencing next fall, to spread the Eisenhower faith and philosophy. Last week Pyle had signed up 15 prospective barnstormers. "A governor," Ike explained, "has the chore of trying to inform the people in his state so that they will in



PRESIDENT-EISENHOWER ADDRESSING SEATTLE CONFERENCE®  
At an all-important rendezvous, the cream of the bottle.

United Press

turn support reasonable programs nationally as well as statewide."

**Enthusiasm at the Limits.** Looking over the roster of G.O.P. governors, Ike could easily spot some able evangelists to lead his new political action team. He would, of course, lean heavily on Tom Dewey, who is internationally famous, a standout executive, and a veteran leader in the liberal Republican movement. Here & there around the country were others, not so well known beyond their state lines, who were heroes to the home folks, and adept at political infighting. Maryland's Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, the man who nominated Eisenhower at Chicago, was a seaboard internationalist; Colorado's popular Dan Thornton was a western conservative. Together they represented the limits of the Eisenhower faith, but both were enthusiastic Ikemen and both could be counted on to spread the word.

Not all the 30 governors were stars in the Republican firmament. Some of the newcomers (e.g., Vermont's Lee Emerson, Delaware's Caleb Boggs) had gotten off to weak and disappointing starts. But others among the freshmen looked like real comers. In Minnesota, C. Elmer Anderson had turned out to be a competent, careful administrator and a hail-fellow Eisenhower advocate whose performance has confounded the armchair analysts and won wide approval among the voters. In Illinois, Bill Stratton, another dark horse, had accomplished things that Adlai Stevenson had failed to get done (TIME, July 13). And in Massachusetts, Christian Archibald Herter, 58, a lean, blond giant (6 ft. 4½ in.) with the searching eyes of an intellectual, the manners of a patrician and the pithy record of a politician, was causing a stir that rippled far beyond the shores of Massachusetts Bay. For Herter, Tom Dewey had a succinct appraisal: "He's the cream of the bottle."

**That Indefinable Something.** Herter's election last fall was in itself something of a political miracle. The man he defeated was, politically, as symbolic of life in Massachusetts as the baked bean, the sacred cod and the Bunker Hill Monument. Portly Democrat Paul Dever, a seasoned performer and a spellbinder among the masses, who had croaked his way to national TV fame as keynote at the Democratic Convention last summer, had looked like a shoo-in winner. Herter, the slender aristocrat, was his exact antithesis. As a friend put it bluntly, "Chris never did have that indefinable something that makes children and dogs follow him down the street." But in his campaign, Herter combined polite persuasion (best effort: small pizza parties arranged by friends) with a slam-bang attack on Dever's record ("Dever . . . has become the tool of the contractors who are doing the same jobs over and over again at your expense"). Herter won by a hairline 14,440 votes. In his short six months as governor, he has managed to impress something of his character on Massachusetts and to give the Commonwealth government a refreshing sample of purposeful direction.

Though he is too honest to masquerade as a plebeian, Herter can be informal when he wants to be. Last spring, in Brockton for an official appearance, he heard that a local Korean veteran had just gotten home. He insisted on dropping in unannounced, overwhelming the veteran and his wife, who woke up the kids, opened a bottle of wine and had a thoroughly pleasant time with their amiable visitor. When word of the devastating Worcester tornado (TIME, June 22) reached him, Herter was in his Boston

® Seated, from left: Washington's Governor Langlie, Texas' Shivers, Arizona's Pyle, Interior Secretary McKay.



CHRISTIAN & EVERITT HERTER<sup>\*</sup>  
At home, more bohemian than Brahmin.

apartment, in the midst of a weekly dinner with his legislative leaders. He immediately left the table and drove to the scene of the rescue operations (without notifying his press secretary). Worcester's mayor was in England. Governor Herter walked into the city hall in the middle of the night, found the council in complete confusion. He calmly restored order by getting state agencies at work on emergency measures and promising that the state would do everything possible to speed rehabilitation. Shortly afterward, Herter asked the general court for \$5,000,000 in relief funds and tax abatements on damaged property, and personally led in the raising of public contributions.

As a working politician, he has turned his attention to consolidating his position in his own party. Long ago, in 1936, he had begun to build a Herter machine, in the shabby old Republican Club on Boston's Tremont Street. The club became Herter GHQ, and after the election, the engine-block of the state organization. With most of his Republican peers (Saltonstall, Weeks, Lodge, Martin) removed from the local scene, Herter has already been able to lay to rest most doubts about who is boss.

**Gaveled Fingers.** In both private and public life, he has what amounts to a phobia about letting decisions hang fire. (Once he starts a whodunit for relaxation, he cannot relax until he reads through to the end.) At the Statehouse he has tackled problems which have been gathering dust in pigeonholes for years. One of the most urgent economic problems concerns Massachusetts' migrating manufacturers. Herter is well aware that New England is in economic straits because much of her industry has been moving to other parts of the country. But he has not placed the blame entirely on immutable economic forces and waited for Washington to provide relief. Recently, he set up a Department of Commerce and Industry to assist Massachusetts' industry in a program of self-improvement, encourage outside companies to move to the state and restore some semblance of industrial leadership.

As chief executive, he has been quick to bang the gavel on rebellious fingers. In February, when he discovered that his department chiefs had gone over his head to ask the legislature for \$700 million more than he had budgeted, he gave them a severe dressing-down and a reminder: "I must reluctantly but sharply call to your

attention the fact that the governor has veto power . . . to reject items in the appropriation bill." He also demanded and got tighter controls around the statehouse, on everything from inventories to excessively long coffee breaks. The result was a new realization that the governor meant business.

When the legislature prorogued (Bostonese for "adjourned") last July 4, virtually every request from the governor had been granted. Herter had reorganized and streamlined a dozen departments. Appropriations had been cut by \$8,775,000, the first time in years they have gone down instead of up. No new taxes were passed, and with a controlled budget a tax cut is a good possibility next year.

**Carefree Expatriate.** Although he looks and acts like a Yankee intellectual, Governor Herter has spent less than half his life in Massachusetts, and his background is more bohemian than Brahmin. His architect grandfather, the first Christian Herter, came to the U.S. from Stuttgart at a time when the country was accumulating culture as rapidly and indiscriminately as it was founding fortunes. He found an eager clientele, built great mansions from Fifth Avenue (for J. P. Morgan, William Vanderbilt) to Nob Hill (for Mark Hopkins), and gilded them with the treasures of Europe. But grandfather had no taste for business, and vowed that when he made a million dollars he would retire and paint. By 1885 he had the million, which he entrusted to his best friend. Then he casually bade his family goodbye and went off to Paris, where he died of consumption two years later.

Albert Herter, the governor's father, inherited old Christian's artistic inclinations, and he too settled in Paris. He married Adele McGinnis, a portrait painter, grew a Vandyke beard, and lived a carefree expatriate life in a pleasant apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. By the time his second son, Christian Archibald, was born in 1895, Albert Herter was a successful muralist, and young Chris came into a world of culture and comfort. If not luxury. German, learned from his governess, was his first language, and by the time he was ready for grammar school he was talking French and English as well.

<sup>\*</sup> In a famous portrait by their father which for years was a popular favorite at the Metropolitan Museum. After Everitt's death, Albert Herter traded several other paintings to get it back.

He was a spindly child who wore an awkward, hip-high brace for six years to correct a curvature of the spine. But he was precocious and inquisitive, and when he arrived at the Browning School in New York at the age of nine, he was two years ahead of his class. At Harvard, where he was a shy and awkward youth, he concentrated on fine arts, was a second-string tennis and president of the literary Signet Club. He graduated with honors.

**"Get Us Food."** For the next 15 years, Herter refused to be tied down to any single career. In 1915 he went to New York's School of Applied Design with the vague idea of becoming an interior decorator, but a Harvard classmate who had gone into the foreign service talked him into accepting a minor post with the U.S. embassy in Berlin. When America entered World War I, Herter returned to the U.S. and volunteered for military service, but was rejected as overall and underweight. His elder brother Everitt was killed in France with the A.E.F.

In 1917, Chris married Mary Caroline Pratt, daughter of a strait-laced, enormously wealthy Standard Oil family, which looked askance at the peripatetic young son-in-law and his artistic family. Not long after the wedding, Chris left his bride and went to Switzerland with a special diplomatic mission to draw up a prisoner-of-war agreement. When the armistice was signed he made a quick reconnaissance of prison camps in Germany, was appalled to find red armbands and symptoms of Communism everywhere. Back in Switzerland he wired a friend from Berlin to come and meet him. "What can the U.S. do to stop Communism?" Herter asked him. "Get us food," said the friend. Herter sent an urgent wire to Washington, and food supplies were rushed to the starving country. "This was the first convincing example to me of food being a potent weapon," says Herter.

At the Versailles Conference, Herter



ALBERT HERTER (RIGHT) & FAMILY  
At school, a trilingual start.

served as the hearing aide to Delegate Joseph Clark Grew, who, because of his deafness, was unable to follow the proceedings. After the treaty he wandered over ravaged Europe with Food Commissioner Herbert Hoover, came back a confirmed believer in collective security. In 1921 Hoover became Secretary of Commerce under Warren Harding and brought Herter to Washington as his secretary. But Chris had nothing but contempt for the Harding Administration ("Washington is a dirty kitchen," he wrote later, "where cockroaches abound"), and he began to look around for a way out. The way came when he moved to Boston to become the salaryless co-editor and co-owner of Henry Ward Beecher's old magazine of opinion, the *Independent*.

**Mahjong in One Lesson.** There he was a thoughtful, graceful writer and an incandescent idea man, and he charmed some diverse writers into contributing to the *Independent*, including Andrew Mellon, Anna Louise Strong, Hilaire Belloc, Frederick Lewis Allen ("Mahjong in One Lesson") and John Dewey. Politically, Herter followed the Republican line, but sometimes the line chafed. He was a strong champion of the League of Nations, a scornful biter of old Isolationist Henry Cabot Lodge, and he never hesitated to lash the administration in Washington.

Herter left the foundering *Independent* in 1928. For two years he was a lecturer on international affairs at Harvard, and could have stayed on had he chosen, but by that time another inamorata was beckoning. "He'd get a faraway look in his eyes," recalls an old friend, "and you'd have to speak to him three times before he came out of his trance." The faraway look meant that all the wandering, thinking and studying had finally focused on a decision to go into politics.

**New Face in Court.** Boston's blue-stocking Back Bay Fifth Ward needed a new representative in the legislature. Herter had all the necessary social and political credentials and decided to run. In the effortless fashion of Back Bay politics, he got himself elected, and in 1931 made a gentlemanly debut in the House of Representatives of the General Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts (i.e., the lower house of the legislature). He was quickly recognized as a man of clear and analytical mind, who could cope competently with the most complicated legislative processes. In 1939, as a reward for his talents, he was elected speaker.

In 1942, under the impetus of war, Herter went to Washington between legislative sessions to work for his old friend Archibald MacLeish, in the Office of Facts & Figures. But Franklin Roosevelt's wartime administration by personal fiat outraged Herter's constitutional sensibilities, and he returned to Boston to seek a job that would enable him to appear on the national scene as a Republican candidate. With the help of a fortuitous gerrymander, he got elected to Congress by a slim 2,900 votes. In 1944 his plurality rose to 20,000 votes; in 1946 it was 42,000, and in 1948

he was re-elected by a plurality of 67,000. In 1950, when Herter was challenged by a particularly strong Democratic candidate, his plurality declined to 25,000.

**No Nonsense.** Herter made his greatest impression on Congress—and on the nation—with the reports of his Select Committee on Foreign Aid. House Speaker Joe Martin, a fellow Bay Stater, set up the committee largely because Herter convinced him that Congress could not trust the Truman Administration's figures on European needs, should get its own statistics. Herter led his 17 Congressmen and a pride of experts off on a two-month trip to Europe. He sternly forbade his crew

decided Eisenhower was the kind of man for Herter's kind of Republican Party. The appointment was supposed to last five minutes, and Herter blurted: "If you think there's going to be an Eisenhower draft at the convention, coming from the grass roots, you're very much mistaken . . . You've got to let your friends know where you stand . . ." Ike did not commit himself, but he invited Herter to lunch, put him on a "Chris" basis, and spent two hours discussing politics after lunch. Herter was firm on one recommendation which was later adopted: Ike should be presented as a product of the Middle West, not of "Eastern interna-



GOVERNOR & MRS. HERTER IN MAINE  
A position of honor in a variegated pantheon.

to bring either wives or tuxedos, and so strict were his rules against extracurricular nonsense that this sign appeared on the door of the *Queen Mary's* lecture room:

*Here sat the Committee on Foreign Aid  
And worked like hell, while the others  
played.*

Herter's idea for European relief was to set up a corporation similar to the RFC and give it authority to buy and distribute fuel, food and fertilizer to Europe. But in setting up the Marshall Plan machinery, the Administration ignored all specific legislation that grew out of the Herter Committee's findings. Even so, the committee reports "rubbed Congress' nose in the realities of postwar Europe," as one of Herter's fellow Congressmen put it. "Without the Herter Committee's groundwork, the program of foreign aid would never have been passed."

**Midwest Product.** During a subsequent congressional tour of Europe in 1951, Herter met Dwight Eisenhower in Paris and

tionalists." Herter came home to get in touch with Kansas Eisenhower backers, urging them to set up an organization.

Herter himself was cornered soon afterward by a group of prominent Bay State Republicans, including Joe Martin, Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and Sinclair Weeks. For the good of the party, they said, he should run for the governorship of Massachusetts. Strangely enough, their proposition made Herter angry. "You're just trying to get me out of Washington," he cried. He strongly suspected Dwight Eisenhower wanted him to be Under Secretary of State, and he liked the idea. In the end, his conscience and the importunings of his son Chris Jr.<sup>6</sup> took him into the gubernatorial campaign.

**Special Strain.** Herter took the oath of office last January under the State House murals his father painted, and set himself

<sup>6</sup> A rising Republican in his own right. Last month he was appointed executive assistant to Vice President Nixon.



a breathtaking pace that allows little time for social life (which he doesn't care for), bridge (he is one of the best players in Boston) or even the leisurely perusal of a newspaper. In the past the Herter's spent frequent holidays in South Carolina at Mrs. Herter's family's 12,000-acre game preserve (Herter is a crack shot). Nowadays they occasionally get away for a few days at Mountain Pond Club near Bangor, Maine, but far more frequently go to their comfortable, 150-year-old country house, in Millis, or their summer home, on a bluff overlooking yacht-filled Manchester harbor—both within an hour's drive of Boston.

Herter's face is boyish, and he looks tanned and fit, but the breakneck pace of his official duties is a special strain because

debt from the highest in Commonwealth history to the lowest since 1900.

Chris Herter's opportunity is, perhaps, greater than that of any of his illustrious predecessors. It is Herter's good fortune to be presiding over the Commonwealth at a period when statehouses are once again rising in importance and esteem in the political scheme of things. To the Eisenhower Administration decentralization of government is an article of faith. But decentralization can be successful only if governors, among others, make the most of the chance to act intelligently in their own right. In such outlying leadership lies not only political opportunity for the Republicans but strength for the U.S. government beyond the fondest wish of the Founding Fathers.

Even in Korea, in Pusan, I lost on every race.

Dewey: Horses in Pusan? Why, I was there. I didn't see any horses in Pusan.

Scotti: Why governor, we had big races in Pusan. We just loved Pusan. We spent all our time betting . . .

Dewey: I still don't remember any horse races in Pusan.

Scotti: Oh, governor, we didn't bet on horses. These racers had two legs and carried frames on their backs. Know what I mean?

Dewey: Ha, Honey buckets, a distinctive hallmark of Pusan. I remember . . . I devoted a couple of pages in my book to honey buckets.\*

Scotti: Book? What's the name of that book, governor?

Dewey: *Journey to the Far Pacific.*

Scotti: Governor, I'm going to read that book. Maybe I'll even buy it after I settle down.

Dewey: You could go into politics in New York.

Scotti: Yeah, sure. But what could I run for?

Dewey: Why not for mayor? Everybody else is.

Scotti: Say, you were in Pusan. Did you get to Tokyo?

Dewey: I spent 14 days there.

Scotti: Say, man, how did you make out? Have any fun? Tell me the truth now, that's really a town, hey?

Dewey: Tokyo is a beautiful city.

Scotti: I don't think you know what I mean, governor.

## TENNESSEE

### The Boss & the Gambler

Old (??), cane-thumping Boss Ed Crump of Memphis loves to play the horses, but he believes that gambling undermines the character of anyone else within his satrapy. Although he has lost some of his power in Tennessee, he still runs Memphis with an iron hand. When he heard that gamblers were operating in his city last month, Mistah Crump reached for his gilded telephone.

Shortly thereafter Crump's cops arrested a quiet little Memphis gasoline-station operator named James Edward ("Piggy") Moore. He was charged with vagrancy (although he had \$300 in his pockets) and loitering (in his own gas station). Moore admitted that he had made extra money as a nighttime stickman at a casino across the Mississippi in Arkansas. But he always lived within the law in Memphis. When he was fined \$26 and told to leave town, he decided to fight. He talked to the FBI, hired a lawyer, got backing from press and pulpit.

At that, Crump's police retreated, told Moore: "As long as you conduct yourself properly, you will not be arrested." It was an awful comedown, but Crump grandly ignored it. "Please stay cool," he told his cops, "and keep up the good work with searching and steady eyes."

\* Containers for human excrement.



SERGEANT SCOTTI (FAR LEFT) & FRIEND IN SEATTLE  
Tokyo's really a town, hey?

he suffers painfully from arthritis which is slowly stiffening his hips. Twice weekly he submits to the ministrations of a masseuse, and he keeps a bottle of Bufferin handy for use when the pain becomes too intense. The arthritis is degenerative, though cortisone and Terramycin have slowed its progress.

**Persimmons in Sparta.** As Massachusetts' 55th governor, Christian Herter joins a variegated pantheon of men who have occupied the handsome old Bulfinch statehouse. The first governor was John Hancock, a vain and arrogant aristocrat who was as popular as he was inept, won nine terms in office. Poor, plain Sam Adams tried and failed to turn the Commonwealth into a "Christian Sparta." The election of David I. Walsh marked the rising tide of immigration: he was the first Irish Catholic to win the governorship. Persimmon-faced Cal Coolidge reversed the trend, turned back to Yankee conservatism. In three terms, Leverett Saltonstall, the present senior Senator from Massachusetts, reduced the public

### The Governor & the Sergeant

When New York's Governor Dewey went to Seattle's waterfront last week with all his colleagues to greet returning Korea veterans, Sergeant John Scotti of Brooklyn spotted Dewey's convertible, leaned over the door and began to chat:

Dewey: How long have you been in the Army, sergeant?

Scotti: Twelve long years and I'm getting out. Man, governor, I'm leaving this Army. I'm tired of it.

Dewey: What are you going to do?

Scotti: Going to be a civilian.

Dewey: I mean what kind of work?

Scotti: Governor, I'm going to be a civil-service man. You know, feet on the desk, big cigar, big pay.

Dewey: Well, the rest of the time? You can't just work all the time.

Scotti: Governor, you surely know that after lunch I'll just get the scratch sheets. I'll read 'em and I'll play 'em.

Dewey: And how much will you lose?

Scotti: Governor, I lose every time.



## POLITICAL NOTES

### The Spin of the Wheel

Just before the Senate adjourned last week, Majority Leader Bill Knowland rose at his desk to speak warm words of praise and commendation for the presiding officer of the Senate, Vice President Richard Nixon. Facing each other thus, from the pinnacles of the Eisenhower Administration, the two young Californians (Nixon, 40; Knowland, 45) were a sharp reminder of the breathtaking fortunes of politics. At the adjournment of the last Congress Knowland was the senior and Nixon the junior Senator from California. In the spin of a year their evident talents and a whirl of fate had made them national figures.

There was a malicious twist in the spin because—despite Knowland's warm words for the record—Dick Nixon and Bill Knowland have long been rivals, and there is a serious conflict between them. The two Californians raced to the pinnacles by quite different routes. Nixon is the son of a grocer in Whittier, in Southern California. A young lawyer-war veteran, he had little political background when a friend submitted his name to a citizens' committee which was seeking a candidate for Congress in California's Twelfth District in 1946. Knowland, son of a wealthy and powerful publisher-politician from Oakland, in the northern half of the state, was born and bred to politics. He served long at local and state levels before he vaulted into the U.S. Senate in 1945 on an appointment from California's Earl Warren.

**Averted Gaze.** Subject to all of the traditional tensions between northern and southern Californians (as well as the natural political stresses), Nixon and Knowland never have been close. Real coolness developed in 1950, during Nixon's tough campaign for the Senate against Representative Helen Gahagan Douglas. Both Senator Knowland and Governor Warren considered Nixon something of an upstart. They offered him no help, gazed steadily the other way. Nixon told friends: "When the going gets hard, you learn who your friends are not—and Warren and Knowland certainly are not."

After Nixon was elected, Knowland continually referred to him in speeches as "the junior Senator"—with emphasis on "junior." Real trouble developed last year before the G.O.P. convention. Nixon flew to Denver, boarded the California delegation's train, tried to persuade a bloc of Warren-pledged delegates to bolt to Eisenhower after the first ballot. Delegation Chairman Knowland, publicly for Warren, privately listing toward Robert A. Taft, was furious. He had a private label for Nixon's intervention: "fifth-columning."

In the campaign, when Nixon was being bludgeoned in the "Nixon fund" uproar, Knowland turned his back. Right down to election day, Knowland (as well as Warren) made only perfunctory mention of Nixon. Since the election, Knowland and Nixon have had differences on patronage (*TIME*, April 13). Last week Washington

gossiped that Nixon, by getting New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges to press for delay in the election of a Senate majority leader to replace Taft, tried unsuccessfully to head off Knowland's sprint to the majority leadership.

**Distant Aim.** This week both Nixon and Knowland were planning trips through the Far East. Departing early in October, the grocer's son will go as the representative of the President, surrounded by protocol, ceremony, official conferences and social events. Departing late in August, the wealthy publisher-politician's son will go on his own, at his own expense, without much benefit of protocol or pomp.

From now on, increasing competition between Californians Nixon and Knowland seems inevitable. The immediate,



CALIFORNIA'S KNOWLAND & NIXON  
The aim's the same.

specific political aims of each are 1) to be higher than the other in the esteem of President Eisenhower, and 2) to control the California delegation to the Republican National Convention in 1956. But there is another aim in the distance. Neither Nixon nor Knowland has to stretch his imagination far to see the White House in his future. One of them may well make it. There is no chance that both of them will. That is the real seed and soil of the conflict.

### Buzz-Buzz in Ohio

In downtown Columbus, Ohio last week, the popular greeting was: "Have you been mentioned for Senator yet?" In Seattle, Wash., spectators along the route at the Governors' Conference parade shouted at Ohio's tousle-haired Frank Lausche: "Who are you going to pick?"

Such was the interest, in Ohio and throughout the U.S., in selection of a man to fill Robert A. Taft's Senate seat. The interest was heightened because Democrat Lausche, 57, an emotional man some-

times given to tears, rebuked anyone who tried to discuss the subject with him. Always deliberate about appointments, Lausche seemed likely to wait until almost everyone in Ohio was mentioned.

But while Lausche kept silent, Ohio dopesters passed the time with some fancy theorizing, based on Lausche's possible political ambitions:

¶ If Lausche wants to stay on as governor, he might appoint either Toledo's Mike Di Salle, former U.S. price boss, or Cleveland's Mayor Thomas A. Burke, and thus give the appointee a running start for election in 1954.

¶ If Lausche wants the Democratic nomination for President or Vice President in 1956, he might appoint a high-carat Democratic stalwart to please party powers.

¶ If Lausche wants a federal judgeship, as has been rumored, he would appoint someone pleasing to the Eisenhower Administration. Names mentioned: Republican Arthur Flemming, director of the U.S. Office of Defense Mobilization (whose appointment was called "as certain as death" by the *Middletown, Ohio Journal* last week); Author-Farmer Louis Bromfield and General Curtis E. LeMay, head of the Strategic Air Command.

¶ If Lausche wants to run for the Senate himself in 1954, he probably will appoint Burke to serve out the remaining 16 months of Taft's term and then make a deal to have Burke run for governor next year. Many an Ohio pundit believes that Vote-Getter Lausche, an independent, conservative Democrat who controls the state party organization, could win the senatorial nomination easily and beat any Republican in sight.

Before the week was out, the buzz-buzz in Ohio was amplified to a crescendo by another tidbit: Governor Lausche flew from Washington to Seattle in the presidential plane with Dwight Eisenhower. Surely, the pundits reasoned, the President and the governor talked about what everyone else in Ohio was talking about. Suppose they came to an agreement?

## ARMED FORCES

### Happy Ship

As tugs warped the 27,000-ton carrier *Philippine Sea* to dockside in Pearl Harbor last week, reporters clambered aboard to do a story about a war-weary ship and crew. The *Philippine Sea* was the first carrier ordered from the U.S. to Korean waters, and the first one to reach Hawaii after the armistice. Her planes had flown 7,243 combat sorties; she claims more landings and more catapult shots than any other carrier off Korea. But on the huge flight deck, the newsmen found the ship's band dressed in colorful kimonos and coolie hats, giving out with the jazzy wails of *China Night*. Far from war-weary, the *Philippine Sea* turned out to be a floating fraternity house.

The ship's skipper is Paul Ramsey, 48, a trim-mustached four-striper (Annapolis '27), a top-notch Navy flyer in World War II, who is prone to roar "What the



CAPTAIN RAMSEY ABOARD THE "PHILIPPINE SEA"  
Sounds of Dixieland and a friendly boatswain's mate.

U.S. Navy

Hell!" when things go wrong in combat. The 3,000 officers and men call him "Captain Paul," and he refers to his crew as "Ramsey's Little Lamseys."

Once, when the *Philippine Sea* was heading away from Korea for rest and relaxation in Yokosuka, Japan, it was Ramsey's idea to give his crew three extra hours of sleep beyond the normal 0600 reveille. At 0900, a dulcet announcement was piped over the ship's intercom: "Good morning. This is your friendly boatswain's mate. It's oh-nine-hundred and time to turn out. If you are hungry after your long sleep, there are coffee and sweet rolls waiting for you in the galley." Whereupon the ship's Dixieland band crashed into a rousing version of the reveille call.

When not on duty, the *Philippine Sea's* sailors lounge in a softly-lit recreation room which looks more like a Hilton hotel than the high seas. This ship's mascot, a German shepherd called "Mr. X" (because his real name is the ship's secret code name), has the run of the ship. The contented crew has already pitched in \$6,000 for the March of Dimes. Ramsey's proudest boast, as his ship weighed anchor for California: during the entire nine-months cruise, he never had a man in the brig; instead, the brig was used for the storage of dishes and galley supplies.

## INVESTIGATIONS

### "The Appearance of Evil"

After the closing of *Tax Scandals of 1951-52*, it might have been thought that Truman & Co.'s Bureau of Internal Revenue had been mined out as a source of high-grade show material. But last week a House Ways & Means Subcommittee headed by New Jersey's Robert W. Kean stuck an investigative spade into the same rich lode and dug up not only a fresh scandal but a new feature character.

The new face was Welburn S. Mayock, Washington lawyer, loyal Democrat and self-styled "political manager." Now a grizzled, paunchy 59, Mayock began politicking as a 14-year-old Democratic precinct worker in his native California, rose to be counsel to the treasurer of the national committee in 1944-46, organizer and treasurer of the national Truman-Barkley Club in 1948. Often called "Judge Mayock," he explains that the title is a "phony," conferred by friends who wanted to "adorn a person of no importance."

**Special Service.** During the 1948 campaign, as Mayock told it last week, he promised to raise \$30,000 for the pinched Democratic Party purse. His method of doing so was to get a tax case fixed. A client of his named Louis Markus knew an insurance broker named William Solomon, and Solomon knew a prosperous New York chemical manufacturer named William S. Lasdon, who had a tax problem with an estimated \$1,500,000 at stake. Expensive lawyers, including a former assistant commissioner of internal revenue, had been unable to get anything done at the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Through Markus and Solomon, Mayock met Lasdon and agreed to fix the matter for \$65,000 cash. Why cash? Explained Mayock to the subcommittee: "I wanted to avoid the appearance of evil."

Mayock hustled off to Washington and had a personal chat with Treasury Secretary John Snyder. Six weeks later, after Snyder prodded his underlings, Lasdon got a favorable ruling and Mayock got \$65,000 cash. He split \$35,000 of it among himself, Markus and Solomon, took the promised \$30,000 to Louis Johnson, later Harry Truman's Defense Secretary, then chairman of the Democratic Finance Committee. "I went to the Democratic National Committee and unloaded it on Louis Johnson's desk," Mayock testified.

"He said, 'Judge, this is magnificent.' It was, too." But a few minutes later, Johnson sent his secretary running down the corridor after the departing Mayock: Johnson had recalled that the Hatch Act barred individual political contributions of more than \$5,000.

Mayock got around that obstacle by simply handing several acquaintances (including Markus and Solomon) cash in exchange for checks made out to the Democratic National Committee. That was, he admitted last week, a "close violation" of the Hatch Act.

**Special Speed-Up.** When Markus and Solomon appeared before the subcommittee, they admitted arranging a meeting between Mayock and Lasdon, but they flatly denied getting cut in on the fee. The astonished subcommittee promptly asked the Justice and Treasury Departments to find out which of the three witnesses had committed perjury and which of them had cheated on his 1948 income tax.

Far more important was the implication that the Democratic National Committee had made a direct profit out of Secretary Snyder's intervention. Snyder said last week that he had merely wanted to "speed up" a settlement one way or the other, and "never suspected" that \$30,000 of Mayock's fee would go to the party coffers. But Mayock said that his contact with Snyder was "political." And a former BIR official testified that in sending down the special ruling, General Counsel Charles Oliphant (a headliner in *Tax Scandals of 1951-52*) wrote on the document: "This approval applies only in this case." That seemed to make the decision not a mere speed-up but an instance of special treatment. It looked as though the newest *Scandals* might have a long run.



Associated Press

WITNESS MAYOCK  
Tales of taxes and ready cash.

# INTERNATIONAL

## RUSSIA

### The Man in Charge

There could be little doubt who was boss now. The Georgy Malenkov who, without any advance notice, stepped forward to address the Soviet Union's Supreme Soviet last week, was plainly the man who was running the show. For an hour and a half in the Great Hall of the Big Kremlin Palace he laid down the law on everything from the price of milk to the prospects of peace. It was his first policy speech as chief of state.

The foreign diplomats and newspaper correspondents, looking down on the assembly from their semicircular loges, fastened most eagerly on one Malenkov statement: "The U.S. has no monopoly in the production of the hydrogen bomb" (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS). But that was not what pudgy Premier Malenkov devoted most of his speech to, nor what his hearers inside Russia seemed to get most satisfaction from (Communist papers the world over played down the H-bomb announcement). Still untried as leader, five months after Stalin's death, Malenkov sought to establish himself as the Consumer's Friend. He fairly crooned over prosperity to come, and "the solicitude of the Soviet state for the steadfast raising of the material and cultural level of the workers."

He promised a "drastic upsurge in the production of consumer goods" as "our main task." He pledged to increase the "sales to the population" of cars, refrigerators, radio and TV sets. "We have every possibility," he said, in what was strange talk for a Communist, "to produce . . . smart clothes and elegant footwear." He did not blame Russian consumers for preferring the better finish and "exterior appearance" of foreign goods, "to the shame of the workers of industry." He spoke of the "justifiable reproaches of the workers" at the way the housing program is "still being carried out badly" and new houses are "carelessly finished off."

The state will spend 36% of its new budget on consumers (education, health, culture), he said, and by some Marxist magic which he did not elaborate, they actually would get back 127 billion rubles "more than they will contribute to it." He denounced the previous "incorrect attitude" towards the poor collective farmer, whose "private auxiliary farmstead" had been heavily taxed, and his private cows taken from him. All this would be changed.

"The urgent task lies in raising sharply in two or three years the population's supplies of . . . meat and meat produce, fish and fish produce, butter, sugar, confectionery, textiles, garments, footwear, crockery, furniture and other cultural and household goods."

**Targets on Time.** But it was not all Georgy the candy-bringer. At last, he now could promise that light industry and the food industry could be developed at the same rate as heavy industry, but the party

had been unswervingly right "in the struggle against the Trotskyites and the right-wing capitalists and traitors" who had fought the heavy industry program before. That, he said, would have meant "the doom of our revolution." He rattled off impressive-sounding (for Russia) production figures:

☛ Steel: now 38 million tons a year, or twice that of 1940, 21 times that of 1924 (but far less than half U.S. production).

☛ Coal: 70% more than 1940.

☛ Chemicals: three times 1940.

"The targets of the Fifth Five-Year Plan are being successfully fulfilled," said



Boris Chaliapin

MALENKOV

For peace and elegant footwear.

he. As for the heavy arms burden, that would now take 20.8% of the budget, as against 23.6% in 1952 (western observers were thoroughly suspicious of these figures, knowing the opportunities the Communists have to conceal armament items in their budget).

"The Soviet Union intends to attack no one," said Georgy Malenkov. "Aggressive intentions are alien to it . . . We stood and stand for a peaceful co-existence of two systems. We consider that there is no objective ground for a collision between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. . . . After a long period of increasing tension, a certain discharge in the international atmosphere has become palpable for the first time in the postwar years."

Having said all of this, Malenkov fell back on the familiar Soviet doubletalk about "certain American circles" who are "putting their stakes on war," and called NATO "the main threat to the cause of peace." He talked fondly of Iran, and wished to be "good neighborly" with Turkey; he was anticipating "normalization" of relations with Yugoslavia and Greece; he was anxious to supply bread, coal and business contracts to "the glorious Italian people"; he sympathized with Japanese

attempts "to win back the independence of their country" from the U.S.

But though his speech was studded with phrases designed to show how friendly Russia intends to be, Western diplomats could find in it no hints that Russia desires a Big Four conference, or is prepared to make any concessions in Germany or Austria. Most significant of all was the absence of any wailing of Germany; conceivably the East German riots had convinced him that this was an infertile field. Instead, he concentrated on France, pointing to the Franco-Soviet alliance as the best way of "insuring European security against the common foe—the German militarists." That particular phrase—the German militarists—cropped up six times in his speech; he trusted that "the German people have drawn serious conclusions from their own history."

**Cheap War.** Coming after the sludgy prose of Stalin, Malenkov showed a talent for macabre wit and agile invective. He jeered at the U.S. role in Korea: "The aggressive interventionists . . . looking for a cheap war, a blitzkrieg . . . suffered enormous material and human losses and were forced to renounce their aggressive plans. The sheep went in with all their wool and came out clipped."

Then he lashed out at Washington. "The partisans of a tough policy . . . openly urge, as does Senator Wiley, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, that the U.S. should present to the Soviet Union a number of ultimatum demands, and that these should be supported by force . . . We shall reply to Senator Wiley . . . without going into details: 'You started dancing on the wrong foot, Cousin.'"

The well-drilled 1,300-odd deputies in the Supreme Soviet laughed mightily. The tone of future Soviet policy had been set: a strong, defiant, but not warlike attitude.

**Beria on Trial.** In short, Malenkov was running on a platform of peace and prosperity. It was obvious that Malenkov's policy was dictated partly by internal considerations and the stresses of cold war. A reference to deposed Vice Premier Lavrenty Beria gave a passing clue to a problem obsessing the Soviet leadership: "The fact that this rabid agent of imperialism has been so quickly unmasked, and rendered harmless in time, can in no way be regarded as evidence of the weakening of the Soviet Union." This week the case of Lavrenty Beria was formally turned over to the U.S.S.R. Supreme Court—indicating that a great purge trial was probably on the way.

All in all, it was a commanding performance by Georgy Malenkov: designed to reassure his own people, and to relax the nations around him without in fact reducing the Soviet armed threat to them. But there was another side to it: the size of the promised concessions showed how much ground the Communists had to make up with their own dissatisfied people.





U.N. PRISONERS ARRIVING AT PANMUNJOM



LODGE & DULLES

## KOREA

### Big Switch

At 8:56 one cool, grey morning last week, a drab Molotov truck pulled up with a growl in front of the triple-arched "Freedom Gate" at Panmunjom. Pale hands and paler faces appeared from behind the grey canvas that covered the van. One by one, U.S., Turkish and South Korean soldiers leaped from the tailgate or climbed down a blue ladder to freedom. Some grinned, some wept, some stared. A major shouted his name to correspondents. "Operation Big Switch" had begun.

Every day last week, approximately 400 U.N. prisoners arrived at Panmunjom and, by helicopter, truck and ambulance, were sped back to Freedom Village near Munsan. Some of the survivors of Communist prison camps were healthy, robust men, who grinned, waved and danced on the gravel path to the receiving tents. Some could not dance, because they were emaciated or had only one leg. Others were litter cases, undernourished or sick with tuberculosis or dysentery.

"They Laugh More." Almost without exception, the men who came back last week were in better spirits than the sick, wounded and dull-eyed wrecks who were exchanged in "Little Switch" last spring. Said a U.S. doctor: "These boys are more alive. They laugh more. They seem more aware of everything that is going on around them." An Army psychiatrist thought he knew why: prisoners learn to dull their hopes, accept their lot, and live only for the day; the men of Little Switch, abruptly given freedom, were still in that mood. But this week's prisoners, knowing of the truce, have had a chance to stir memories and anticipations.

At a much faster rate, because the U.N. holds many more prisoners, the U.N. handed over some 2,700 Communists dai-

ly. Some of them were litter cases, too. Obviously under orders, Chinese returnees solemnly ripped up their newly issued uniforms and rolled in the dirt, to present as dismal a picture as possible for their propaganda photographers. The North Koreans threw canteens, shoes, crutches and clothing at U.N. roster officers.

Such planned nonsense, docilely executed, had an eerie sadness all its own: a strange contrast to the scenes in the big receiving shed in Munsan. There, returning U.N. soldiers found it hard to remember what freedom was like. They laughed and cried, swallowed great quantities of ice cream, milk and boiled steaks, but asked timidly whether they could write more than one letter home.

Most of them said "sir," even to enlisted attendants. A few, glancing through new magazines, asked: "Who's this Marilyn Monroe dame?" A Turk spotted the Turkish flag hanging among others, buried his face in it, and cried, when an officer took it down and gave it to him. One prisoner walked all around a room, sticking close to the wall, when he might have strolled right across. A 50-year-old U.S. warrant officer bounced on an air mattress in the Freedom Village Red Cross lounge, drawled: "I just love to sit here and look at those capitalistic lamps built by you American warmongers." A moment later, after mention of his wife, he was weeping.

**The Missing.** The Communists said they were returning 12,763 prisoners, including 3,313 Americans. Were they holding out on others? Major John Daujat, the officer who had shouted out his identity to reporters from the truck, said that the Communists, since the truce, had sentenced an American officer to a year in prison for "instigating against the peace." Other returning prisoners said that a few of their fellow Americans had refused repatriation. Others were being held for

"war crimes" trials. At week's end, the State Department said it was "gravely concerned" at these reports, and announced that it expects all prisoners in Communist hands to be repatriated or turned over to the neutral repatriation commission, where they will have a chance to tell their own story. "If those prisoners don't get back," said John Foster Dulles, who watched the repatriates arrive at Freedom Village, the U.S. will "adopt reciprocal measures."

The Pentagon lists 8,705 servicemen missing in action. No one yet knows how many of them died anonymously on the battlefield, their bodies never found; how many died of cold, disease, neglect or ill treatment in Communist camps; or how many may still be held by the Communists alive and unlisted. General Mark Clark said he does not know for sure, but information "leads us to believe they have more."

### The Captive Audience

As the timid, thankful repatriates told their stories at Munsan and Inchon last week, one fact became increasingly clear: the Chinese Communists have waged a ceaseless battle for the minds of their captives. Whatever cruel or gentle things the Chinese did, their purpose was to convince the P.W.s that the U.S. started the war, that the Chinese "volunteers" were their friends, that the U.S. was conducting germ warfare and had massacred North Korean and Chinese prisoners. "Physically," one ex-prisoner said of his Chinese camp, "it was all right, but mentally it was damn rough." Almost to a man, the returnees reported that it was the North Koreans who had abused them with wanton brutality.

How successful was the Chinese brainwashing? Some Americans were influenced by the endless harangues, and were known





Jun Miki, John Park, Michael Rougier—LIFE Photos

AT SEOUL AIRPORT

U.S. REPATRIATES DEBARKING AT INCHEON

and despised by their mates as the "progressives." Others (the "reactionaries") never gave an inch to the Communists. Some occasionally feigned agreement in order to improve their lot, then "came back to Uncle Sammy's" in private.

Said Pic. Thomas R. Murray of Baltimore: "A lot of the time I worried about what was right and what was wrong. After they've pounded it into your head so long, you begin to wonder. I wavered myself—it would last for a week—and then I'd say, 'Hell, that don't sound right,' and I'd go back to thinking the way I always did . . . But after three years, you had a little doubt, you were a little confused."

**Jim Crow.** In Camp No. 5, at Pyoktong on the Yalu River, where most of last week's repatriates had been held, the Chinese segregated Negroes from whites, tried to separate them ideologically as well. Negroes who tried to chat with their white friends were told: "You can't talk to them in America; why talk to them here?" For two hours a day, the Negroes were lectured on the Negro problem in the U.S. Pfc. Alfred Simpson, a Negro from Philadelphia, said the men were encouraged to speak out freely in discussion groups, but were punished if they said the wrong things. Reported Simpson:

"The Chinese would say you had a hostile attitude and they would . . . put you under the floor in a hole without food until your hostile attitude changed." Other "hostile" prisoners were confined alone up to 30 days in a cold, barren "jail," forced to sit at attention for 16 to 18 hours a day on rough log benches, or given onerous work details.

**Third Degree.** Lieut. Colonel (then Major) Thomas D. Harrison, a West Point Air Force officer and a cousin of the U.N. chief armistice negotiator, got harsher punishment for not cooperating. Shot down in May 1951 in his F-80 plane,

Harrison had his shattered left leg amputated by Chinese doctors and received excellent medical treatment. But then he was turned over to North Korean police, who grilled him on Air Force secrets. He was put in a room with three other allied prisoners and denied food for a week while the others were fed in front of him. "I still would not talk. They stripped me naked and wired me to a chair. They forced my head back and put a wet towel over my face and kept pouring water on it. You can't breathe. It's like drowning. When I passed out, they would bring me back to consciousness by jabbing me with live cigarettes . . . I never broke and I never told them anything."

**For a Cigarette.** Men who were captured early in the war all told of the gruesome death marches in the winter of 1950-51, of the 2,000 prisoners who died of dysentery, malnutrition and cold. But all the returnees agreed that their treatment improved noticeably when the Chinese took over, and again when the armistice talks began. The Chinese were tough but not brutal, punished prisoners for trying to escape or for ideological mistakes, seldom beat them. "Progressives" got better food, medical treatment and extra cigarettes. Many returnees were bitter about the progressive boys. Said Pic. Amos McClure: "What would you think of someone who would sell out his country for a cigarette?" At least one progressive had been killed for informing, and at least eight progressives apparently were staying with their new comrades.

But for all the time and effort, and with all the advantages of one-sided interrogation, the Chinese had made few converts. The G.I.s in Munsan this week, catching up on Cokes and Stateside newspapers, were as unmistakably, incorrigibly American as the welcome sign overhead which read SHAKE, PODNER.

## NORTH KOREA

### Purge North of the 38th

The place was different, the names unfamiliar, but the ritual was the same. Instead of Czechoslovakia or Poland, it was North Korea; instead of Slansky or Gomulka, it was Lee Sung Yup. Last week the voice of Radio Moscow, which has tolled doom for hundreds of topdog Communists, called the roll of 12 more—North Koreans who "confessed" that they had spied and plotted on behalf of the U.S. and South Korea to overthrow Premier Kim Il Sung and install a "new capitalist government" in pitted, desolate North Korea.

Shortly before, the plotters were the respected "champions of the masses." Lee Sung Yup, now accused as ringleader, was North Korea's Justice Minister and mayor of Seoul during the 1950 Communist occupation. Pae Chol, an officer trained in the Soviet army, supervised the Reds' "guerrilla guidance bureau," and helped plan the Koje prisoners' riots. Cho Yun Nyong was Pyongyang's deputy Propaganda Minister. Im Hwa directed the Korea-Soviet Cultural Society. Last week, in North Korea's first major purge trials, these and six others drew the death penalty. Two other "plotters" got off with long prison terms.

Biggest to fall was Foreign Minister Pak Hong Wong, a Vice Premier, who has already been replaced by a face familiar to Westerners: taciturn General Nam Il, the ex-schoolteacher turned military dandy, who was the Reds' chief truce negotiator. The Communist radio last week accused ex-Foreign Minister Pak of complicity in the plot. Pak, party member since 1920, onetime party secretary and onetime student at Moscow's Lenin University, was not among those tried. His time may come later.

## NEWS IN PICTURES



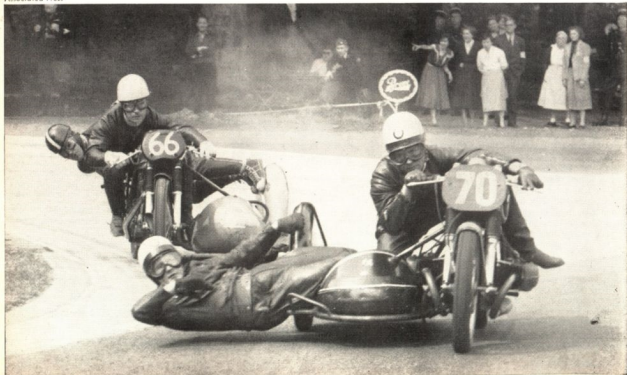
United Press

**ROADSIDE TRAGEDY** was recorded by passing photographer moments after head-on collision left five-year-old boy weeping inconsolably by New Jersey highway. The injured: his grandfather, mother (in back seat) and grandmother.

**SALZBURG FESTIVAL**, annual five-week music celebration honoring Mozart, Austrian city's most famous native son, welcomes summer influx of tourists by lighting 16th century Hohensalzburg Castle and baroque, domed churches.

**ACROBATIC CYCLISTS**, sweeping around curve during Grand Prix motorcycle race at Rouen, France, help teammates keep three wheels on ground by throwing weight out from sidecars. Winner averaged 71.96 m.p.h. for 63-mile course.

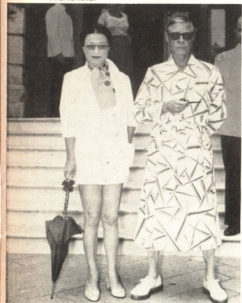
Associated Press





Joe Engels—New York Herald Tribune

International



**SUMMER STYLES** show latest look in formal and informal wear. On way to beach at Rapallo, Italy, the Duke of Windsor (left) freezes into tintype pose of British Grenadier at parade rest as Duchess comes to order arms with umbrella. At Cannes, on the

Black Star



Combine



French Riviera, an elusive Garbo (center) relaxes her guard, is photographed in shorts and *espadrilles*. In London, Nigeria Delegate Festus Sam Edah (right) shows up for constitutional conference in flowing robe and "boater" complete with feathers.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## FRANCE

### On Strike

Two million French government employees walked off their jobs last week in a 24-hour strike that left the nation in a state of near paralysis. Trains stopped, telephones went dead, gas and electricity flickered. State banks stopped payments, mail went undelivered, state-employed gravediggers refused to bury the dead.

In all the bigger cities, garbage piled high in the streets. Paris had neither subways nor bus lines, and at its railroad terminals, thousands of tourists, in-

blow in first and walked off the job.

From the Socialist *Force Ouvrière* unions, the call went out for a general stoppage. Catholic unions joined in; so did the Communists. After 24 hours, most of the Socialist and Catholic unionists began trooping back to work. Postal workers stayed out; so did the Communists, hoping to use the strike to bring down the government. This week, when Laniel's reforms were finally announced, the Reds ordered 270,000 Communist railroad men (more than half the total force) to stop the trains again. In some provincial towns, police and soldiers pitched in to sort the mail and started makeshift deliveries, but

### The Sick Man

"The French are constitutionally incapable of balancing their budget. . . . The French government is moribund."

That was the gist of an unflattering report presented to the U.S. Senate by a group of American businessmen recently returned from Paris. French feelings were hurt; U.S. diplomats in France grumbled that such sweeping accusations do more harm than good. Yet few people in a position to know, in France or the U.S., seriously question the conclusion. France has become the sick man of Europe.

Since war's end, the U.S. has given or lent France a total of \$10.5 billion. This comes to \$3,000,000 a day, every day, for nearly nine years. To show for this, France has all those things that the Mutual Security Agency is justifiably proud of helping rebuild: a humming industry, a well-tended countryside that, to drive through, seems to glow with prosperity. Yet Premier Laniel's government faces a deficit of more than 600 billion francs—\$1.7 billion. France owes her European neighbors \$824 million; her reserves of gold and foreign currency are down to \$613 million—less than tiny Holland's. Things got so bad that in April and May the U.S. put up an extra \$80 million to pay off French I.O.U.s to the European Payments Union.

**1931 Jolapoly.** How did France get into this mess? Cabled *TIME* Correspondent Curtis Prendergast from Paris:

France got into the mess partly through wars (in Europe and Indo-China), but also because her economy is hopelessly out of date. The U.S. aid that has rehabilitated France has, in effect, done an excellent job of restoring a 1931-model automobile. The dents have been smoothed out, the engine tuned up, but it is fundamentally still the same old jolapoly.

The most outstandingly decrepit item is the French tax system. Frenchmen pay taxes (33% of their gross national product, compared with 27% in the U.S.), but the tax load falls unfairly on consumers. An industrial worker with two children, earning \$1,000 a year, pays 15% income tax (in the U.S. he would pay nothing). On the other hand, two million French farm families, one-third of the population, pay next to nothing. Politicians dare not anger them. Farm income is calculated on the basis of land values last assessed in 1908. Since then, prices have jumped 170 times, but the old tax rates have increased only one-tenth as fast. Result: 1,500,000 farm families pay no tax at all; the rest pay less than 2%.

**Bricked-Up Windows.** Illegal tax-dodging is even more serious. It deprives the French treasury of an estimated \$1.7 billion a year—more than 20% of its tax revenue. Biggest dodgers are the professional men (doctors and lawyers) and a million petty shopkeepers, many of whom



Richou—Parisien Libre

FRENCH WINEGROWERS AT THE BARRICADES  
The trains stopped, the dead went unburied.

cluding many Americans, sat on their suitcases and fumed. "I'm sick to death of these unstable countries," said an angry Englishwoman. "From now on I will never leave British soil."

On the French frontiers, customs officers waved motorists past without checking passports or luggage. In the coal fields, 173,000 miners downed tools. Southwestern winegrowers seized the opportunity to demonstrate against the government's refusal to buy up surplus wine. Led by their local mayors, 100,000 farmers blocked the highways with wine barrels, while priests tolled the church bells in ecclesiastical approval. There had been nothing quite like it since the Popular Front days of 1936.

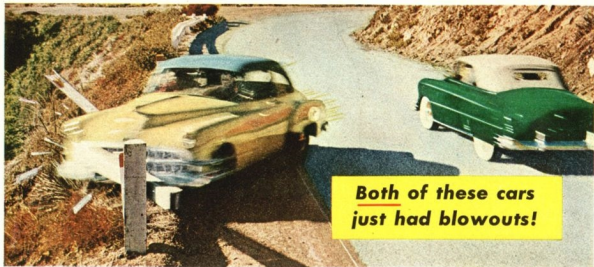
**Beginning in Bordeaux.** The strike began in Bordeaux among the poorly paid postal workers. Rumor gave it wings. French workers, squeezed in the economic scissors of higher prices and stationary wages, worried that the new Premier, Joseph Laniel, was planning to economize at their expense. They got their

in Paris the mail sacks mounted higher and higher.

**"Popular Front?"** Actually, Laniel's reforms were more feared than fearsome. Pensions would be lowered, rents slightly raised, the swollen French bureaucracy would be lightened by the dismissal of 4,000 temporary clerks. These were the kinds of cuts a rightist government could be expected to make, but they did not get to the heart of the ailing French economy (see below). They merely convinced the workers that the cabinet intended an assault on the French welfare state.

One result was a slow coming together of both big workers' parties—Socialists and Communists—at least on the bread & butter issue. The Reds talked boldly of a new "popular front" which would force the vacationing National Assembly to reconvene, and though the Socialist leaders hung back, many of their rank & file were tempted. France's bristling barriers between left and right were once again hardening.





But what a difference in cost! One driver faces expensive repair bills (if not doctor bills)! The other driver had double-chamber LifeGuard Safety Tubes in his tires. When his tire blew out he still had plenty of air in

the reserve chamber, plenty of time to bring his car to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop. The double-chamber LifeGuard Safety Tube is the only blowout protection proved by 18 years and millions of miles of driving.



But only one driver has the nasty job of changing tires. The other man is riding on puncture-safe, LifeGuard Safety Tubes. He'll merely pull out the nail the next time he inspects his tires. His LifeGuards mend their

own punctures. Ask your Goodyear dealer for a demonstration of New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. They will outlast three or more sets of tires; they fit any make of tire. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



## DOUBLE-CHAMBER LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES



For the longest mileage, the safest mileage, the most comfortable ride on wheels, get Goodyear tires with LifeGuard Safety Tubes. See your Goodyear dealer.

**BLOWOUT SAFE! PUNCTURE SAFE!**  
**100,000 MILE RE-USABLE PROTECTION!**

America needs better, safer roads. Let's bring them up to P.A.R.

by **GOODYEAR**

LifeGuard, T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



**Dreamboat.** What changes this Mississippi steamboat to a dreamboat is her cargo—a frosty, fragrant Four Roses mint julep. And the Four Roses you get today—truly the finest ever bottled—has a special and distinctive flavor that lends extra enjoyment to the South's most delightful drink.

*Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 36.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.*

Wouldn't you  
rather drink

**Four  
Roses**



stay in business only by pocketing the sales tax they collect from their customers.

Tax fraud is so prevalent that the collectors resort to all kinds of ruses to catch those with hidden incomes. A French tax form asks: How many servants do you keep? What horsepower is your car? Do you own a pleasure boat or a vacation home? This sort of questioning, designed to establish the scale of living, occasionally catches a tax evader, but more often it affects the economy like the old window tax in England. There, people bricked up their windows; in France, they hide their savings under the mattress, thereby withholding their cash from useful investment.

**Up Go Prices.** Direct taxes make up only 28% of French tax revenue (the U.S. proportion: 64%). The rest comes from indirect sources, such as 50¢ a gallon on gasoline. These taxes help to price French goods out of foreign markets and beyond the reach of many French workers. To some extent, the workers are compensated by the cradle-to-grave social security system, which pays hospital bills, unemployment benefits and family allowances. A man with four children often collects as much from social security as he does in wages. But social security is added on to the price of goods, and the prices go higher and higher. Paris nowadays is too expensive for U.S. tourists; long ago it got too expensive for Parisians.

The French economy in 1953 is stuck between feudalism and anarchy. Potentially, France is the richest farm country in Europe, yet she imports \$200 million more food than she exports. Her farms are tinier and less economical than they were in 1930. French industry seems to operate on an inverted system of Malthusianism, holding down production to keep pace with the population. When demand falls off, firms cut their output, instead of reducing prices to stimulate the market.

**Worse Than 1789.** Little old Paul Reynaud, onetime Premier of France, recently told the National Assembly that France needs more reforms today to save her than she did in 1789. The reforms are not forthcoming. The only improvements offered so far have been negative: cut the arms budget, reduce pensions. A more popular save-all is also a Communist slogan: "Get out of Indo-China." Strategically, this would be disastrous for the entire Western world. Financially, it would be like knocking the trunk off that 1931 car: the car might run a bit more easily, but its engine capacity would not be improved.

U.S. Mutual Security officials have hawked about a whole series of grand designs to revitalize French industry. First it was European integration, then "productivity," then offshore procurement. The latest is more popular in Congress: no more U.S. aid.

Many responsible Frenchmen applaud this idea. U.S. aid, they say, merely postpones decisions that France must make herself. Yet a sudden stoppage of U.S. assistance could easily jeopardize the huge U.S. military investment in French bases



Associated Press  
PREMIER LANIEL

Fundamentally, the same old jalopy.

and supply depots, stretching from the Channel to the Rhine. U.S. aid will probably be cut gradually, but cut it will be. The question is whether France will be on her feet or on her back when the last dollars arrive.

## GERMANY

### The Issue Is Adenauer

In less than three weeks, West Germany's 33 million voters will pass judgment on Konrad Adenauer, who for the last four years has presided over his country's economic resurgence and won his mistrusted nation a place in the councils of the West. Formally, West Germany will be voting for 484 Bundestag members. Actually, it will vote either to retain the dour old Chancellor or replace him with a Socialist. The betting was that he would win, but the spry, 77-year-old was taking no chances. On a 6,000-mile, month-long tour, he was delivering two or three speeches a day, carrying the brunt of the battle for his Christian Democratic Union Party and the government coalition.

He faced a second-string opposition. Since the death of Kurt Schumacher, the fanatic and brilliant orator, the powerful Social Democratic Party is presided over by mild Erich Ollenhauer, a sort of chubby Clement Attlee in *Lederhosen*. The Socialists' principal attack on Adenauer's record: that not enough of West Germany's prosperity trickles down to the workers, that Adenauer's pro-American foreign policy prejudices the chance for a reunified Germany.

Coming up on the right as a new dark-horse party is the Nazi-tainted All-German Bloc of refugees (expected to poll 10% of the vote), which makes a big appeal to the rootless 11 million Germans who fled or were expelled from the East Zone and former German territories.

The great unknown is the size of the pro-Nazi vote, supposed to be a large proportion of the 7,000,000 eligibles who failed to ballot in '49 and of the ex-Nazis since enfranchised. With the election nearing, all parties talked a tough nationalistic line. Fortnight ago, several clumps of penny-ante Hitlers got together in something called the German Reich Party, and have blatantly put forward such candidates as Dr. Werner Naumann, former state secretary of the Nazi Propaganda Ministry, recently arrested (and released) for allegedly plotting to overthrow the Bonn Republic and Colonel Hans Ulrich Rudel, a onetime *Luftwaffe* ace now living in Argentina. Busy last week warding off the left, Konrad Adenauer threw a worried glance over his shoulder at such distressing signs on the right, warned his countrymen not to play with that kind of fire.

## Two Million Risks

This week one statistic told the whole impressive story: West Berlin food authorities handed out the two-millionth parcel to a needy East German. Thus, within a fortnight, more than 10% of the whole Soviet zone population have defied or evaded their government and risked arrest for a ten-pound package of lard, dried beans, flour and canned milk.

All week long the Communist overlords sought an effective answer to this commonplace but treasured little parcel. They spread rumors; they issued warnings; they made a few arrests; they seized thousands of food packages; they appealed to pride. They tried force. Twice they sent flying columns of 1,000 or more bullyboys to West Berlin food centers to taunt the long, patient lines of East Germans. "Yankee bootlickers!" they cried. "Down with Ami beggar parcels!" With clubs and high-pressure hoses cops drove them away.

The Communists tried prohibition. They clamped a ban on rail travel to West Berlin, and enforced it with machine pistols in the railroad stations. This precipitated a war of wits: some hunger marchers bought tickets to points beyond West Berlin, then dropped off the trains to collect their food. The Reds temporarily eased up, then put the ban back on. They seemed uncertain how to act: remembering the uprisings of June 17, they dared not push their people too hard. For what people would do to get those ten pounds of lard, dried beans, flour and canned milk was a measure of their desperation and dissatisfaction.

## IRAN

### 99.93% Pure

Hitler's best as a vote-getter was 99.81% *Ja's* in 1936; Stalin's peak was 99.73% *Da's* in 1946. Last week Premier Mohammed Mossadeq, the man in the iron cot, topped them all with 99.93%.

This is the way he did it. Having unconstitutionally dissolved the Majlis, Mossadeq ordered a national referendum to judge his act, crying: "The will of the people is above law." The 1906 Iranian con-





BATTERY HENS ON THE JOB  
No one asked the bird.

G. F. Addy—Poultry Farmer

stitution (which Mossadegh as a young revolutionary helped put across) requires a secret ballot. Mossadegh scrupulously ordered up all the paraphernalia: voting tents, police guards, army tanks. In fact, he ordered a double set of everything—one for Teheran's vast Sepah Square, another for Baharestan Square. Anyone voting yes could do so "secretly" in Sepah Square, but to vote no, one had to go to Baharestan. Government employees were let off work and in mobs descended on Sepah Square. So did other mobs assembled by the outlawed Tudeh Communist Party, which also would like to keep Parliament dissolved. In the happy crush, people did not have to show their identity cards or have their hands smeared with indelible ink. Many voted three or four times.

In Baharestan Square, things were different. The occasional voter had to run a gauntlet of signs proclaiming: "Only Traitors Vote for Non-Dissolution." Election officials dozed, read magazines, swapped stories. At day's end, to no one's surprise, the count in Teheran district stood: for the dissolution (and Mossadegh), 166,550; against, 116. Mossadegh hailed the vote, of course, as a great vindication of democracy.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### The Hen & the Egg

No civilization is complete which does not include the dumb and defenseless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy.

—Queen Victoria

British civilization, the British like to think, is anchored in such sterling virtues as playing the game, bearing the white man's burden, and being kind to animals. To prevent shortsighted swallows from colliding with overhead wires, for exam-

ple, bird lovers festoon the telegraph lines with wooden bobbins, visible a mile away. Last week the lowly barnyard hen was the object of tender British solicitude.

It all began when the Ministry of Agriculture encouraged British chicken farmers to adopt the battery system, a U.S. method of making hens lay more eggs. Batteries are 2-foot-square cages, floored with wire netting and exactly big enough to house one plump hen (*see cut*). Once enclosed in a battery with the light burning 18 hours a day (to encourage overtime), a hen spends the rest of its life (about nine months) eating, sleeping and laying standard-size eggs. Battery hens average 190 eggs a year, their free-roaming barnyard rivals 30 to 40 less.

**Philosophical Debate.** British farmers agree that the battery system was at least partly responsible for the increase in egg production that put an end to egg rationing (TIME, April 13). But is it fair to the hen? The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (R.S.P.C.A.) said no: "It's unnatural. We don't speak about happiness or unhappiness, because nobody can tell whether a hen is happy or not. [But] if you let expediency rule your action and disregard feeling for others, the world is in a poor state. That kind of thing is like Hitler." The R.S.P.C.A. demanded the abolition of batteries and thereby opened wide the floodgates for another characteristic of British civilization: the angry letter writer.

"An abuse of the power man was given over beasts at the creation of the world," wrote Mrs. Cynthia Legh, Countess H. A. Grundy: "I wouldn't like to eat an egg laid by a hen kept in some people's backyards."

**Crowning Glory.** From the newspapers, debate spread to scientists, M.P.s and farmers. The University College of South Wales proved to its own satisfaction that the death rate among battery birds is less

than half that of birds on the open range. "Laying eggs is a hen's crowning glory," clucked the Farmers' Union. "The lives of [battery hens] are no more unnatural than the lives of a man and his dog in a London flat."

At week's end the Ministry of Agriculture flatly refused to abolish the battery system. It would mean the loss of 150 million eggs a year, said the ministry, and Britain cannot afford that. "In a battery, a hen is protected from the things it dislikes most," said the official announcement. "They are: heavy rain, excessive wind, excessive cold or heat, bullying and cannibalism. Whether the bird itself has views, we do not know. But . . . too many people think of hens in human terms. They say the birds can't lie down [in the batteries]. A hen doesn't lie down, anyway—it roosts, and it can just as well roost in its battery."

## CENTRAL AFRICA

### Home Truths from Muncie

The Central African Federation was created this year to unite the Rhodesias (and neighboring Nyasaland) into one big, economically sound nation, a kind of British barrier against South Africa's Boer oppression. The whites like the idea fine, but the blacks (who outnumber the whites 35 to 1) claim the federation is designed to keep them in their place. The founders also hope to preserve what they call "the British way." To define it, they staged the Cecil Rhodes Centennial Exhibition at Bulawayo. For weeks they have been importing such staples as Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother (by jet), the Sadler's Wells Ballet, the Hallé Orchestra and the Covent Garden Opera (187 members, 1,500 costumes).

Last week the U.S. sent a Minister Plenipotentiary to the exhibition: William H. Ball, of the fruit-jar and rubber-products family of Muncie, Ind. In his honor, protocol demanded that *The Star-Spangled Banner* be played. Unable to find a score in all Rhodesia, the sponsors finally discovered a fellow who makes a hobby of collecting records of national anthems. From an old recording of his, copyists worked out an arrangement in time for a gala performance of *Aida*. The colonials also raised the Stars & Stripes over the exhibition grounds. But their enthusiasm soon faded a little. Minister Ball volunteered the information that at Ball Bros. Co., Inc., in Muncie, Negroes get the same pay as whites for the same work and can even belong to the same union.

## ITALY

### The Mills of Justice

Back in the Mussolini era, Carlo Corbisiero, part-time barber, brawler and bully boy of the village of Marzano di Nola, near Naples, was pretty proud of his nickname—"Crackshot." For years the local carabinieri had tried to nail him for bootlegging, petty theft and anti-Fascism, without success. Then one day in 1934,



word reached the village that Crackshot Carlo was wanted on a highway robbery and murder rap. Carlo left his dark-eyed mistress and their two illegitimate children behind and took to the hills. Two weeks later he decided to give himself up for trial. "I am innocent!" he shouted in court; he had been miles away at the time of the murder, loading a wagon with bootleg booze. But a trio of confessed holdup men swore that he had been their accomplice. Carlo's nickname was against him; so was the law, which in Italy holds that the accused is guilty until he proves his innocence. Carlo went to prison for life.

**The Third Man.** A year later one of the three holdup men who had gone to jail with Carlo confessed to the prison chaplain that Carlo had been framed. By doing this, one of the three had got a lighter sentence. "Why haven't you said so before?" asked the chaplain. "I was afraid I would be shot," the man said. Under the seal of the confessional, the priest could not repeat the information, but when the man died the priest wrote to Rome about it. Six months later an official from the public prosecutor's called on the priest, who swore to the truth of the confession. That was in 1937, but the wheels of Fascist justice ground slowly, if at all. Carlo remained in jail. The guilty man serving the shorter sentence was released; he died under German machine guns in the massacre of the Ardeatine Caves, near Rome, in 1944. The third holdup man died in jail. Only Carlo was left.

In prison he learned to write, and in 1948 sent a letter to famed Attorney Giacomo Augenti, pleading with him to take up his case. It took Lawyer Augenti five years of briefs, depositions and oral arguments to overcome the reluctance of Italian judges to upset the verdicts of their colleagues. Last February a new trial was ordered. Carlo, now 46, grey, and suffering from tuberculosis, was brought from jail. Squinting in the bright sunlight, he mar-

veled to see that Vesuvius no longer wore the pennant of smoke he had known until his imprisonment; nobody had told him it stopped smoking nine years ago. A panel of ten judges listened to the impassioned pleading of Lawyer Augenti, the evidence of 35 witnesses. A fortnight ago they acquitted him.

**Black Memories.** Prison officials gave Carlo a new suit, shoes, shirt, and a tie which he found he had forgotten how to knot. For his labor during his 19 years, one month and 28 days of imprisonment, the warden handed him 10,360 lire (about \$16). Italian law gave him no other claim against the government. "I'm as poor as Job," said Carlo. "I must find work." Back in Marzano di Nola last week, Carlo greeted his relatives but refused to stay. "I want to get away from these black memories," he said.

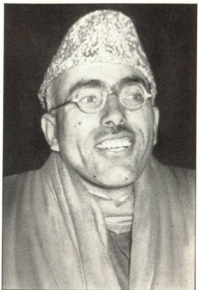
## KASHMIR

### Trouble in the Vale

For 16 years, towering (6 ft. 4 in.) Sheikh Mohammad Abdullah led the Kashmiri nationalists against the rich and mighty Hindu Maharaja. He won Kashmir's first legislative assembly, freedom of speech and freedom of the press; he was thrown into jail seven times, for a total of nine years; he also fought religious hatred: "Not only Moslems," he taught, "but Sikhs and Hindus are living in want." In this struggle, Sheikh Abdullah gained the intense loyalty of most Kashmiris, the friendship of Jawaharlal Nehru (who came to Kashmir to defend him in the Maharaja's courts), and the title "*Sher-i-Kashmir*" (Lion of Kashmir).

**The Tin Crown.** In the bloody days of partition, when fierce Pakistani tribesmen invaded Kashmir in the fall of 1947, the Maharaja fled with his jade and the necklaces from the temple gods. He paused only to declare his land a part of India, and to appoint Sheikh Abdullah Prime Minister. And although Abdullah and 77% of the Kashmiris were Moslems, Abdullah organized a People's Militia that fought the Pakistanis until the Indian army flew in to the rescue. It was a desperate defense, and the Lion of Kashmir inspired it. Once, the Pakistani tribesmen lashed a young merchant to the porch of an apple shop and told him to shout, "*Pakistan zindabad, Sher-i-Kashmir—murdabad!*" (Long live Pakistan! Death to the Lion of Kashmir!). But the young man refused. So the tribesmen crowned him with a jagged piece of tin, and put 14 shots through his body. He died crying Abdullah's slogan: "Victory to Hindu-Moslem unity!"

For six years Abdullah the Moslem held fast to India in the wearing dispute with Pakistan; he went to Lake Success in his caracul cap to plead India's case at the U.N. But last year, he warned Nehru that Kashmir's accession to India might "have to be of a restricted nature." Last month he flatly proposed an independent Kashmir, free from both India and Paki-



EX-PREMIER ABDULLAH  
A lion was caged.

stan. Such talk was no help to Nehru, who was entering new talks with Pakistan (TIME, Aug. 10) to settle the dispute by compromise.

**The Pandit Strikes.** One morning last week, Nehru moved before dawn against the Lion of Kashmir. It was 3 a.m. A thunderstorm drenched the chalet resort of Gulmarg, where Abdullah slept. Police awakened him and read a letter from Prince Karan Singh, the nominal ruler of Kashmir. Abdullah's cabinet was dissolved; he himself was under arrest. In Srinagar, the run-down capital, 30 members of Abdullah's staff were also arrested, accused of "disruptionism," corruption, nepotism, maladministration, and intrigue with a foreign power. Indian papers hinted that Adlai Stevenson, who had visited Srinagar last May, was Abdullah's contact man.

There was bound to be trouble, and the Lion's captors knew it. First, they moved Abdullah close to the Indian border. Then Bakshi Ghulam Mohammed, the new pro-Indian Premier, told Kashmiris that independence would turn the state into another Korea. In New Delhi, Nehru's officials lamely claimed that India was told of the arrests only "after they had taken place." (Prince Karan Singh and Bakshi were in India last month for talks with Nehru.) In Kashmir itself, a crowd of the Lion's followers marched on the Prime Minister's residence, cursed and threw stones at his police. Indian troops in battle dress and steel-helmeted police reinforcements moved into line, and opened fire. Five of the Lion's followers were killed.

A fortnight ago, when Nehru and Pakistan's Prime Minister Mohammed Ali had parted smiling at Karachi, it had seemed that the historic conflict between Hindu and Moslem over the beautiful Vale of Kashmir might in time be stilled. Now, peace seemed suddenly very far away.



EX-PRISONER CORBISIERO & SON  
Crackshot went free.



FLOATING LANTERNS, set adrift on River Arno, light river front for feast of Saint Ranieri, Pisa's patron.

## Europe's Provinces



## TUSCANY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID LEES

PERHAPS nowhere in Europe is provincial pride stronger than in Italy, which has been a united nation only since 1870. Italians are apt to style themselves Romans, Venetians, Neapolitans. Proudest of their heritage are the citizens of Tuscany—Florentines, Sienese, Pisans—who live in a land that in pre-Christian days was called Etruria. The Renaissance, the medieval sunburst, first played upon Tuscany's elfin green. Browning later exulted: "The beauty and the wonder and the power, the shapes of things, their colors, lights and shades, changes, surprises—and God made it all!"

In the long shadow of Giotto's Campanile in Florence (*opposite*), the Medicis ruled, Machiavelli taught, Savonarola was burned. Along bridges, drawn like tight-stringed bows across the Arno, Dante passed, and Boccaccio; so did Raphael, Fra Angelico and Donatello, Michelangelo and Leonardo. Their treasures survive. Tuscans boast that they gave Italy its art, its language, its civilization, its wine. And when the time came for Italy to claim her nationhood, say Tuscans, they gave her that too. It was in Florence, beneath the Casa Guidi windows, by the church, that the little child first sang: "O bella libertà, O bella!"



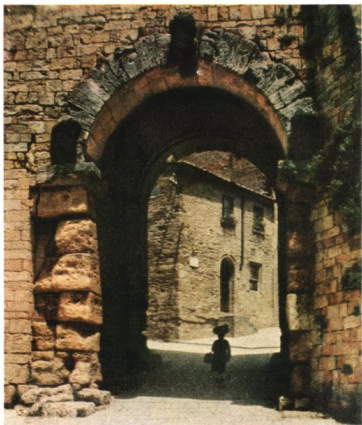
"GANYMEDE WITH THE EAGLE," by unknown 16th century sculptor, overlooks ancient Tuscan capital of Florence from Boboli Gardens, designed for Grand Duke Cosimo I. In the background; Giotto's Renaissance bell tower and Brunelleschi's cathedral dome.

## TUSCANY



PONTE VECCHIO, honeycombed with shops, has spanned River Arno since 14th

century. This was only bridge in Florence left standing by Germans in 1944 retreat.



ETRUSCAN ARCHWAY, built in

cement, was already old when Romulus plowed foundations of his city.



SIENA'S PALIO, world's oldest and roughest horse race, opens with competitors parading through Piazza del Campo in gay 16th century costumes.





COUNTRYSIDE NEAR CERTALDO is typical Tuscan landscape: rolling hills covered by olive trees, grapevines and wheat, and farmhouses flanked by cypress trees.

ered by olive trees, grapevines and wheat, and farmhouses flanked by cypress trees.



TOWER OF PISA, where Galileo experimented with principles of gravity, leans 13

feet out of plumb, near ornate 12th century Baptistery and 11th century cathedral.

## TUSCANY



LEONARDO'S BIRTHPLACE, nestling in an olive grove near the village of Vinci, was restored last year in ceremonies commemorating his 500th anniversary.

PALAZZO VECCHIO, lit for festival by pans of burning fat, was once Medici castle, is now the town hall of Florence.



OX-DRAWN CART, creaking through placid vineyard country near Siena, carries empty flasks to be filled with Chianti, best known of Italian table wines.



# HEMISPHERE

## CANADA

### Fifth-Term Sweep

Canada's Liberal government, one of the free world's most durable political regimes, this week won its fifth straight term. In a national election, held in all ten provinces, in the Eskimo settlements of the Arctic, and at Canadian army camps in Korea and Europe, the Liberal administration led by Prime Minister Louis Stephen St. Laurent, 71, was swept back into office.

The main surprise in the Liberals' triumph was the ease with which it was accomplished. In the 1949 election, the party won 190 out of 262 parliamentary seats, a record majority that no Liberal expected to match soon again. While confident that



Gilbert A. Milne

WINNER ST. LAURENT

Who said time for a change?

they could hold the 133 seats needed for a majority this year, some Liberal leaders were braced for more or less painful losses, perhaps as many as 60 seats of their 1949 bloc. But the voters decided otherwise. Early on election night, the Liberal total soared to 170 seats and was still climbing. The Progressive Conservatives (Tories), the leading opposition party, could muster fewer than 60, with most of the remainder split between the minority Social Credit and CCF (socialist) Parties, and a scattering of independents.

Even their doughtiest opponents had privately conceded a Liberal victory. In the minds of most voters, the Liberals were the party of prosperity, in office since 1935 through the years of recovery, war boom and the phenomenal postwar industrial expansion that is still going on. Erstwhile Tory businessmen were converted by the Liberal government's highly orthodox fiscal policies, its annual budget surpluses and its steady cutting of the national



THIS IS

GIN AND

# Quinac

SUMMER'S COOLEST DRINK...

DELICIOUSLY DRY AND DIFFERENT...

EASY TO MAKE...EASY TO TAKE



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Put 1½ ounces of gin in a tall glass. Plenty of ice. Thin slice of lemon or lime. Fill with Quinac.

THIS IS Quinac

A delicious beverage all by itself. Enjoy Quinac in a glass with ice and a slice of lemon or lime.

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**SPAN-O-LIFE**

LIFE-TIME BATTERY CORPORATION  
OF AMERICA

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debt. Farmers liked the efficient grain-marketing system and price supports. Labor was won over when the Liberals coolly borrowed the most attractive social-security planks from the CCF Party.

Against the Liberal drive, spearheaded by St. Laurent's great personal popularity in French Canada, the opposition tried in vain to sell the idea: it's time for a change. Taking a cue from the election in the U.S. last year, Tory Leader George Drew did his best to create a Canadian counterpart of the Republican campaign.

But the Tory crusade never got rolling, and the campaign itself turned out to be the mildest in recent Canadian history. Thin crowds attended political meetings. Even the Canadian newspapers, usually violently partisan, stayed stiffly objective in news coverage. The impression grew steadily—and the voters confirmed it resoundingly at the polls—that in Canada, the time for a change had not yet come.



PRESIDENT PAZ ESTENSSORO  
Drops from a glass of chicha.

## BOLIVIA

Land for the Indians

In colorful knitted caps, in leather hats bedecked with coins, in high white hats of straw, 150,000 stolid Indian farmers and miners poured into an open field near the 14-mile-high hamlet of Ucareña one day last week. Five airplanes appeared in the brassy sky, swooped down to a landing. Out of one plane stepped President Victor Paz Estenssoro, the bespectacled onetime economics professor whom the Indians call "our father." In an open car he rode to the field, where Indians greeted him with thumping drums and shrill flutes.

The President and the Indians were there for a major event: signing of the revolutionary government's promised land-reform decree. The law will expropriate big estates of landlords (half of them absentee proprietors), who own 70% of Bolivia's farmland, paying for them in 25-



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G53-B



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year government bonds. For 400 years Indians have lived on these lands virtually as serfs, working the owners' fields three days a week in return for their own small plots of potatoes, corn, barley and pigweed seed (a cereal). In practice, landlords have been able to buy and sell the farm hands with the land. Peasants will now get the plots they have been tilling. Only estates exceeding certain maximum sizes (e.g., 60 acres for valuable vineyards, 1,500 acres for hot, less productive lowlands) will be expropriated, but they will be taken in their entirety.

For Paz, land reform may prove harder to bring off than his nationalization of Bolivian tin (TIME, Nov. 10). Aside from the danger of violence between landlords and peasants, there is an admitted risk that the Indians, once they own land, will grow just enough for their needs, leaving Bolivia (which spends 35% of its national income for imported food) hungrier than ever. Said Paz Estenssoro to the Indians at Ucareña: "Now that the land is yours, I ask you to carry out your part by growing more." Donning a native cap himself, he then sprinkled some drops of *chicha* (corn beer) in the field—an ancient Indian ceremony by which the earth goddess Pachamama is beseeched to be fruitful.

## ARGENTINA

### Foot in the Door

Out of the Casa Rosada (Argentina's White House) and into a waiting limousine one day last week walked five members of a visiting Soviet trade mission, beaming with uncommon good will. After two months of dickering, they had signed a treaty with the Argentines under which the two countries will work out a barter exchange of Argentina's agricultural products (mainly linseed oil and hides) for Soviet petroleum, coal, iron, steel, precision instruments, pipe, rails, rolling stock, axles and tires. Goods worth \$150 million are supposed to change hands—if both sides deliver. In addition, the Communists agreed to extend a \$30 million credit for mining, oil drilling, railroad, agricultural and generating equipment.<sup>2</sup>

President Perón was overjoyed with the treaty. With a promise of fuels, metals and instruments for his second Five Year Plan, he seemed to have the better of the deal. But that did not disturb the Communists. For them, the treaty was a foot in the door of Latin American trade. Politically it was a good bargain; it just might push the door wide open for a procession of Soviet agents in technicians' clothing. Explained a member of the Soviet commission: "Obviously, technicians will be required for maintenance of our equipment. There are two possible solutions to this problem. Argentines can be sent to Russia for training, or we can send our technicians here. Naturally, it would be cheaper to send Russian technicians here." Naturally.

<sup>2</sup> Argentina also signed trade and credit agreements this year with Japan (\$80 million) and West Germany (\$272 million).

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\*Optional at extra cost.

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by James Dingham

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## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

When a man gets a crush on **Rita Hayworth**, he is sometimes in danger of carrying the thing too far. Twice-married Crooner **Dick Haymes**, 34, was in trouble with the U.S. Immigration Department because he followed thrice-married Rita to Hawaii last May. Possible punishment: deportation. A "neutral alien," born in Argentina (of Scottish-Irish parents), Haymes entered the U.S. in 1937. He forfeited his right to U.S. citizenship in 1944, the Government said, by claiming exemption from the draft, and thus reentered the country illegally when he returned from his romantic pursuit of the rollicking Rita. A "technicality," retorted Haymes, who learned that both his estranged wife and Rita were, as the tabloids said, "ready to stand by him."

On the eve of his 79th birthday, and ready for more work ("Unending public chores seem to have become my privilege in life"), **Herbert Hoover** talked of his high hopes for the Federal Commission on the Reorganization of the Executive Branch, which he will head. Said he: "[Perhaps] the commission can contribute something to lessen what President Eisenhower has aptly described as our 'staggering economic burdens'... strengthen private enterprise, reduce the burdens of taxation, lessen bureaucratic tyranny over our citizens and generally improve the efficiency of our government."

While preparing his memoirs on his White House years for late 1954 publication in *LIFE*, **Harry Truman** turned out a little extra literary work on the side: the story of his readjustment to the life of an ordinary citizen for a series ("Mr. Citizen") to be published in *Hearst's American Weekly*. "Many people do not stop to think what happens to a man who has been President," Truman explained. "We believe that anybody can be President of the United States, and that when he is through, he can go back to being just anybody again... I can't say that I feel exactly that way about it, but I admit that I may be somewhat prejudiced."

Veteran Pro Golfer **Lloyd Mangrum** (see SPORT) gave off a loud pooh-pooh. All the talk about **Ben Hogan** being the world's greatest golfer "makes me a little sick," Mangrum said. He knew "half a dozen" pros who would "do just as well as Hogan if they could afford to pick their spots." He didn't want to "knock" Ben, but "it's a little ridiculous, all this notoriety." Said Hogan: "I don't answer things like that."

**James Caesar Petrillo**, the merry dictator of the American Federation of Musicians, was back from talks in Europe with some slightly revised opinions on foreign trade. Not only was he now willing



HERBERT HOOVER  
Ready for work.

United Press



JAMES PETRILLO  
Willing to reconsider.

Gene Pyle



JEAN SIBELIUS  
Able to keep puffing.

Lisa Larsen—Graphic House

to allow foreign orchestras to play in the U.S., but he might even reconsider his old opposition to foreign-pressed records. "If we stop foreign records coming here," he figured, "we stop our records going there. Then we lose." But, he added confidentially, "they got nothing to sell to the American people anyhow."

In New Orleans, Mrs. Francis Nixon, 68-year-old mother of Vice President **Richard Nixon**, was caught cat-napping her way across the country by sitting up on a three-day and three-night train trip from California to Florida (where she will sell some property). "Of course, my sons wouldn't approve," she confided, "but I like to travel that way. You meet so many nice people in the coach."

Still lumbering about Europe before getting on with his African trip, **Ernest Hemingway** described his latest literary output to a Paris interviewer in the *Ritz* bar: "Been working steady for three years. Finished three books since *Old Man and the Sea*. Going to let them lie for a year and then go back over them again. Don't have any titles for any of them yet. I never select a title until the book is finished."

Two days after New York physicians told him he had cancer, the late Senator **Robert Taft** made out a will leaving his entire estate to his family: his personal effects to his invalid wife, Martha, as well as the income from two trust funds set up from the remainder of the estate—the first (49%) to be disposed of at her death as she sees fit, the second (51%) to be divided among the four Taft sons.

Composer **Jean (Finlandia) Sibelius**, 87, great bald eagle of symphonic music, was named winner of the first international Wihuri Foundation music award (after Millionaire Finnish Shipowner Antti Wihuri) for "promoting the spiritual and economic work of humanity." The \$21,250 prize money, added to the generous lifetime annuity he gets from a grateful Finland, should keep him puffing his beloved cigars till the end of his days.

On his way to the trout streams of Banff and Jasper, Canada, **Joe DiMaggio** was asked if the presence of **Marilyn Monroe**, on location near Jasper, had anything to do with his fishing trip. Said he: "Purely coincidental... Of course, if I can see my girl I shall."

Mrs. **Perle Mesta**, gadding about the Soviet Union, was full of nice things to say about her hosts. At a meeting of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow she was "pleasantly surprised to see so many women in politics," especially the "olive-skinned, slant-eyed, Oriental-looking women with long black braids." As for the Baku oilfields, they are "just terrific." Explained Perle (who inherited an oil fortune): "They're larger than any I've ever seen in the United States... It looks as though the oil is flowing freely."

## MEDICINE

### Paralympics of 1953

The playing fields of Stoke Mandeville, Aylesbury, England, were cleared last week for a competition called the Paralympics, and a crowd of 3,000 watched teams from eight nations fight out the two-day meet. The sports on the calendar were commonplace: netball (similar to U.S. basketball), snooker, archery, table tennis, javelin throwing, shot-putting and swimming. The manner of competition, though, was singular. Each of the 200 contestants was a paraplegic, denied the use of his lower body and forced to remain in a wheelchair for life. Some players were so badly crippled that the table-tennis paddles had to be strapped to their hands.

Coach and founder of the Paralympics is the director of the Ministry of Pensions

man to use athletics as paraplegic therapy, and he is one of the most successful. Since 1944, he has trained 1,000 paraplegics at his hospital; although they will never leave their wheelchairs, 600 of them now live at home, work in offices or even on factory assembly lines.

### Frog Breathing

Five years ago Dr. Clarence W. Dail, at Los Angeles' Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, noticed that one of his polio patients, a young man whose breathing muscles were almost completely paralyzed, had unconsciously developed a substitute way of breathing. He and Dr. John Afeldt, the physician in charge of the polio respirator center, believed that other patients might be taught to do the same, and began to experiment. Last week the Na-



WHEELCHAIR NETBALL AT STOKES MANDEVILLE HOSPITAL  
Like walking on stilts.

Hospital at Stoke Mandeville, Dr. Ludwig Guttman, a German neurosurgeon who came to Britain in 1939. During the war Surgeon Guttman became interested in the plight of paraplegics, invalids whose cases were sometimes written off as hopeless by the medical profession. In 1944, Guttman went to Stoke Mandeville, with one patient, to see if some form of physical activity could help him.

Guttman's solution was to strengthen his patient's back and abdominal muscles, so that he could use them to move his pelvis. He compares the process to the case of a man walking on stilts, who uses the upper part of the body instead of the leg and lower trunk muscles to get around. With the newly developed muscles, the paraplegic can hold himself erect and move his upper trunk, arms and shoulders. Guttman found that the best way to keep the muscles strong was to launch a sports program. He invented the Stoke Mandeville swimming stroke: the patient sits upright in the water, paralyzed feet floating in front of him, and rows himself backward with his arms.

Surgeon Guttman is probably the first

tional Foundation for Infantile Paralysis announced that their new method will be taught to partially paralyzed patients at all of its centers. Its name: glossopharyngeal, or "frog," breathing.

The new breathing technique resembles the way in which frogs gulp down air. The patient sucks a small amount into his mouth, then forces it through his voice box and into the lungs by a pushing action of the tongue. While the voice box closes to hold the air in the lungs, the patient gulps again, and the process is repeated until he gets a full breath.

Frog breathing increases the time which patients can spend outside the iron lung. Before learning the technique, one group of eleven patients at Rancho Los Amigos was able to remain outside their respirators for an average of only 4½ minutes. After mastering it, their average time jumped to 4½ hours. Frog breathing gives patients a big psychological boost, also enables them to cough, ending a small but maddening frustration that besets the paralyzed who feel the throat irritation but cannot relieve it, and it allows them to speak audibly.

### Booming Hearts

William Bennett Bean, a young resident physician at Cincinnati General Hospital, was alarmed by a patient who complained that his heart was making a noise "like a paddle wheel on a river." Dr. Bean could hear the noise clearly at a distance of two feet; through the stethoscope it was so loud that it hurt his ears. The patient recovered without any special treatment. But the experience made Dr. Bean a student of booming hearts.

In 14 years of research, he tracked down 164 cases, reports Dr. Bean (now at the University of Iowa) in the current *A.M.A. Journal*. The cases range over 300 years, from a "woeman or mayd in Suffolk who had a jukling and fluctuation in her chest . . . heard by the standers by," to soldiers in modern war. Some of the noises—likened to the grinding of gears, the rustling of leaves, the crunching of newspapers, the cooing of doves—have kept their victims awake for nights on end; others have made it impossible for husbands or wives to sleep in the same room. The record distance at which such sounds could be heard: 20 feet.

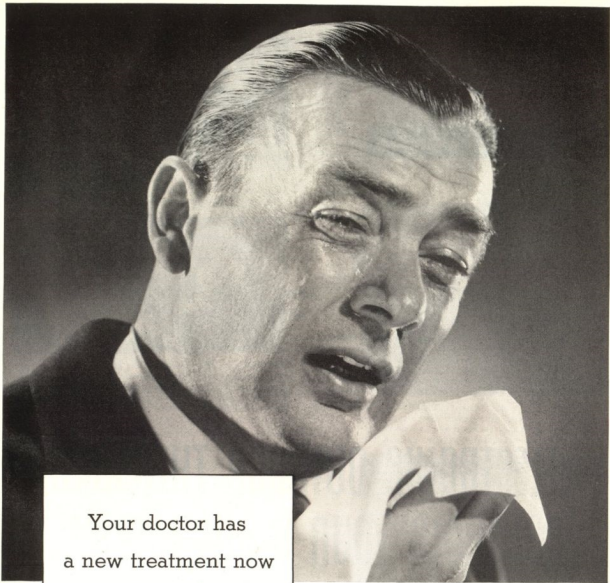
Many of the cases are relatively harmless, but some patients need quick treatment to save their lives. The cause, according to Dr. Bean: in almost one third of the cases, a heart valve is functioning faultily; in most of the others, air gets into the heart or nearby tissues where it does not belong and acts as a sound chamber. Treatment may range from reassuring the patient to drawing off the air from the churning heart.

### Capsules

¶ In Chicago, Board of Health President Herman Bundesen lowered the boom on the re-use of plastic glasses for three-dimensional movies. Although the glasses are supposedly sterilized after each use, they increased eye ailments "to almost epidemic proportions." Approved by the board: glasses with cardboard frames, discarded after one viewing.

¶ In the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, Dr. Peter A. Pfeffer, manager of the Perry Point, Md. Veterans Administration Hospital, told about a new "rehabilitation incentive" for mental patients: money. Pfeffer has carefully transferred partially cured psychiatric patients at his hospital to the status of "member employees." (Sample jobs: landscape worker, painter, janitor.) He found that a monthly paycheck for many patients is a valuable bridge between life in an institution and life in society outside, restores their self-esteem and greatly accelerates recovery.

¶ U.S. twin births are declining, reported Obstetrician Alan F. Guttman, of Manhattan's Mt. Sinai Hospital, in *Obstetrics and Gynecology*. Until 1939, one out of every 86 births in the U.S. was a twosome. By 1949, the U.S. twin rate had dropped to one in 97, and the ratio is going farther down. Dr. Guttman, an identical twin, believes there are some undiscovered biological or environmental factors affecting the glands of U.S. mothers.



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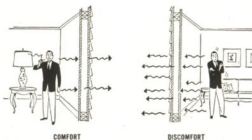
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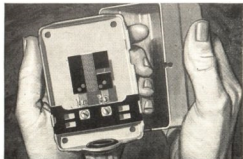
Heat loss from your home—and from your body—is relatively low on a sunny winter day. So if you're an average person, you're perfectly comfortable with an indoor temperature of 71°. Electronic Moduflow takes these conditions into account, automatically regulates your indoor temperature to the proper comfort level.



Heat loss from your home increases greatly when the temperature outdoors drops. For perfect comfort under these conditions your indoor temperature should be raised—to compensate for colder walls. And that's what happens—automatically—when your home is equipped with Honeywell Electronic Moduflow.

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Weathercaster, equipped with magic electronic "feeler," keeps your home tuned to the winter weather



The Electronic Weathercaster, designed for mounting outside the house, is a truly remarkable instrument. The tiny "feeler" wire you see above senses outdoor temperature changes with electronic swiftness, enables the Weathercaster to signal your heating plant at the slightest change in the weather.

The Electronic Weathercaster, the outdoor thermostat shown at left, is the key element in Honeywell's new Electronic Moduflow temperature control system.

This wonderful new electronic system, the result of years of research and testing, helps provide you with constant comfort—by varying indoor temperatures.

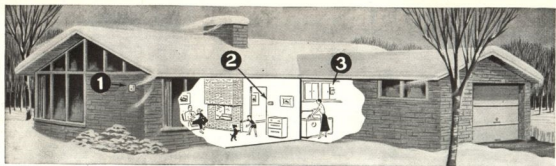
Conventional temperature control systems work on the principle that a constant temperature should be maintained indoors regardless of outside temperature.

Now, tests show that the last word in healthful comfort is secured by varying the indoor temperature in relation to the outside temperature. Room temperatures should be higher when it's cold outside, lower when the weather warms up.

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**Electronic Moduflow Controls Help Provide Constant Comfort—Automatically—Regardless of Weather**

This—with reference to the cutaway house above—is how Electronic Moduflow works:

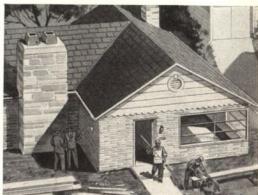
The Electronic Weathercaster, 1, constantly senses the outdoor temperature, and by means of electronic signals continually tells the Electronic Clock Thermostat, 2, what indoor temperature is required to maintain comfort. The Electronic Clock Thermostat, mounted in your living room, signals the Relay Amplifier, 3, which automatically adjusts the heating plant to provide the amount of heat required to keep your home at the right temperature—no matter how changeable the winter weather.



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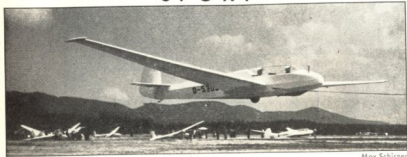
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MINNEAPOLIS  
**Honeywell**



*Electronic Moduflow*

## SPORT



GERMAN GLIDER TAKING OFF AT ORLINGHAUSEN  
In the Luftwaffe's kindergarten, a clever outsider.

Max Schirner

### New Wings

The strange, graceful birds, fashioned of metal tubes and plywood or canvas, were again hovering over Orplinghausen Field, a heather-dotted plot of land in Westphalia which most Germans know well. There Germany took to the air in gliders, after the World War I victors had decreed that the conquered must not fly powered planes. There future pilots came to train, in a kind of *Luftwaffe* kindergarten. After World War II, the victors prohibited flying again, but lifted the ban on gliders two years ago. Last week Orplinghausen was the scene of Germany's first postwar gliding championships.

Some 50,000 German fans seemed as enthusiastic as ever about the flyers whom the father of modern gliding, Germany's Otto Lilienthal, used to call "the birds' apprentices." Since the lifting of the allied ban, 840 gliding clubs have sprung up in Germany. Average age of the Orplinghausen meet's 25 pilots was 39½.

One day last week, as on every morning of the 16-day meet, the race committee mulled over what contests the winds would permit—speed or distance contests, round trips, one-way flights or triangular-course races. The committee decided on a 62-mile triangular route. Into his French-built Air 102 glider stepped a foreign contestant, France's youngish (25) Gerard Pierre. As he checked his instrument panel, ground crewmen raised his single-wheeled craft's grounded wingtip and clamped a tow cable to its fuselage. Nearly a half-mile downwind, a 115-h.p. winch roared up and began to reel in the long steel cable, slowly at first, finally at a screaming speed.

At a steep angle, Pierre was drawn aloft. He let loose the cable when the Air 102 had climbed hundreds of feet above the field. Skillfully flitting from updraft to updraft, he zigzagged and roller-coastered around the triangle. He sewed up the grand championship for himself by whooshing the distance at an average speed of 35.8 m.p.h., a French record for his class of glider. Unable to speak German, Pierre grinned his gratitude on being awarded the top trophy. "Pierre is an excellent and very clever flyer," said Germany's Runner-Up Ernst Haase. Then he added thoughtfully: "And we are a little out of touchfully."

### Maytime at Tam

On a gently rolling plain in suburban Chicago one day last week, a pudgy, grey-haired man wearing a lurid \$20 sport shirt stepped from a big black Cadillac, rent the air with a grandiose sweep of his cane and exclaimed: "This was nothing more than a bankrupt cow pasture 17 years ago." For ebullient Promoter George S. May, 63, the 134-acre pasture has grown spectacularly solvent and lushly green. It is now known as Tam O'Shanter, the nouveau Ritz among country clubs, whose 6,015-yd. golf course has a telephone on every tee.

On Tam O'Shanter's verdant fairways last week, Promoter May was running off golf's biggest money event, the \$75,000 "World" Championship, first played in 1943 with a mere prestige pennant as its prize. Among the 110 starters were 22 topnotch foreign golfers whose traveling expenses were footed by Promoter May. Six big signboards showed the leaders' scores, relayed hole by hole via phone and walkie-talkie. On the championship's final day, with hamburgers going for 60¢, some 10,000 fans, who had each paid a record

\$6 for admission, trailed golf's top stars. Perennial Tam favorite: this year's All-America Winner Lloyd Mangrum, Tam's pro (and May's pet golfer ever since Mangrum won \$300 from him by shooting a birdie on a 100-to-1 bet). Other leading players: Amateur Frank Stranahan, Pros Julius Boros, Lew Worsham.

Sallying forth from Tam O'Shanter's modernistic, Muzak-wired clubhouse (228 employees, a rash of bars, a swimming pool), Promoter May made occasional rounds of the course with a happy, proprietary air. Far too lavish to make a profit, the tournament's whopping deficit is being underwritten by May's firm of efficiency experts (680 staffers, \$8,000,000 yearly sales), which will efficiently charge it off to promotion and publicity. Onetime Bible Salesman May got into golf because so many of his business prospects were found on tees. His fortunes have not always been up to par: called before the Kefauver Committee three years ago, he refused to say whether he had allowed a crime syndicate to operate slot machines at Tam. But everyone agrees that May stages the liveliest golf shindigs in the business.

The windup of last week's World tournament couldn't have been more spectacular if May himself had written the script. Onetime (1947) U.S. Open Champion Lew Worsham, needing a birdie on the final 410-yd., par-4 hole to tie Virginia's Chandler Harper, smashed out a 270-yd. drive. He then calmly took a wedge, plopped the ball onto the green and into the hole for an eagle 2. Jubilantly aghast, Worsham murmured: "The luckiest shot I ever had." Lucky or not, it was that \$25,000 to Lew Worsham, whose 72-hole score was 278 v. Harper's 279.

Naturally, the last word was George May's. "Next year the jackpot in the World meet is going to be boosted again," he declared. "The figure will be staggering."

### The Prudent Milkman

One evening last week a plumpish little five-year-old pacer named Hi-Lo's Forbes sped around Baltimore Raceway to win its \$10,000 Special Invitational free-for-all pace. The horse was one-tenth of a second off the track record, but in June at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway he had set his own world mark for the mile (1:58½). After such a triumph, his owner might properly have gone on a night-long celebration. Instead, hefty Earl Wagner, 35, grabbed the first plane ride of his life to hurry back to his home in Landover Hills, Md. By three-thirty next morning he was busy as usual, driving his milk truck around Washington, D.C.

Hi-Lo's Forbes has already won \$48,000 this season. Wagner plans to start easing the horse off now, sharpen him up for the time trials to be held in Lexington, Ky. in October, where he will be racing against the clock rather than against other horses. There, if the horse can beat the world record for time trials of 1:55, set in 1938 by Billy Direct, Wagner believes Hi-Lo's Forbes will be worth far more than the \$50,000-a-year



Francis Miller—LIVE

PROMOTER MAY  
At the nouveau Ritz, a lucky eagle.



## PROFITS IN THE AIR



**TOMMY BARTLETT & DICK ROWE**  
*In their spare time, a thrill show*



**R. CARL JONES**  
*His Cessna pays its way*

### PERSONAL CONTACT

Today—with competition tough and getting tougher, smart salesmen are re-learning the importance of personal calls. But trips cost time and money. How can limited budgets stand the strain? Here's one solution some firms find profitable...

### ENTERTAINMENT

#### *Tommy Bartlett's Week-end Business*

Brightest spot in the routine-ridden morning of many a U. S. housewife is the half hour spent with NBC's irrepressible interviewer, Tommy Bartlett. MC of top radio-TV show "Welcome Travelers," Tommy's considerable energies are now paying-off in still another field—a "Florida Water Ski Thrill Show" which tours 6 states, plays 50 one-night stands to 2 million happy on-lookers. "And it's strictly a week-end business," beams Bartlett. The busy entertainer, with his show manager Dick Rowe, signs-up aquatic stars in Florida each winter, books engagements, makes personal appearances all summer and still spends 5 days a week in Chicago broadcasting his radio and television shows!

**HOW DOES HE DO IT?** Bartlett owns a 5-place Cessna 195, flies from Chicago to Tampa in 7 hours, often makes 3 personal appearances a day, rushes equipment to his show, when needed. He says, "Last summer, I flew a speedboat part to Bemidji, Minn." The year before, Dick flew to Wisconsin Dells and filled-in for an injured water skier. Each trip saved a \$1400 day's performance.

Ex-Northwest Airlines pilot Bartlett praises his 195's stability, 5-place comfort and dependable Jacobs engine, says, "In the Cessna, I beat some commercial airline schedules by as much as 50%. We fly an hour on only 13½ gallons of gas and the 195's 'swing out' engine saves us hundreds of dollars a year on labor!"

### INDUSTRIAL SALES

#### *Correspondence Won't Work!*

A trim, 4-place Cessna 170 means far more than personal transportation to R. Carl Jones of Ashland, Ky. "Frequently the Cessna serves as an office while I make urgent business calls," says the busy mining machinery dealer.

Jones covers entire coal fields east of the Mississippi, buying, selling, rebuilding and servicing mining machinery. He also flies customers on inspection trips with minimum loss of time to them. "Correspondence won't work," states Jones. "To sell, you must make personal calls and my 170 is the ideal solution for safe, fast, economical transportation. It has broadened my territory and made profits up to 3 or 4 times its actual cost." Jones praises his 170's economy, sturdy landing gear and high-wing visibility, recalls only two flights he's missed due to weather.

### YOUR BUSINESS

Wouldn't a Cessna solve many of your personnel, time and travel problems, too? Then try the idea of business flying before buying. Charter a Cessna. Use it as your own. Fly it on trips—compare time, costs, sales results, hours spent at home. Then you'll discover your business can profitably enter the "Air Age," too!

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To salute the Golden Anniversary of Flying, Cessna proudly presents the new Cessna 195 "Businessliner," a luxurious 5-place airplane featuring high-wing stability and visibility, over 160 m.p.h. speed, flaps for low stall speed and short landings, all-metal dependability, patented landing gear for smooth rough-field landings, new exterior striping and interior styling, sound-proofed cabin, foam-rubber seats, up to 200 lbs. luggage capacity. It's ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT on the new Cessna 195! Also see the versatile Cessna 170 and fast, new 4-place Cessna 180.



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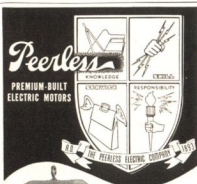
## HOTEL Windsor

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*that builds reputations.*

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### THE PEERLESS ELECTRIC COMPANY

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EARL WAGNER & WIFE  
Now a horse feeds him.

stud feeds he now potentially merits as a full-time stud.

But Milkman Wagner, who has dabbled in horses since 1945 and bought Hi-Lo's Forbes as a two-year-old (for \$275) from a relative, is not yet ready to declare his independence of cows. "I've been working eight years to feed my horses, now one of them is feeding me," he grants. But he adds worriedly: "A horse can go lame just standing in a stable."

### Fast Old Lady

On the shores of Seattle's Lake Washington last week a man selling opera glasses yelled: "It's up to the old lady, folks! Come and get 'em so you can see her run." The old lady is a fin-tailed, mahogany-plywood motorboat called *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*, slightly faster than her younger sister, *Slo-Mo-Shun V*, and holder of the world straightaway speed record of 178.497 m.p.h. With *Slo-Mo V* disabled by a pre-race accident last week, *Slo-Mo IV* had to hold off five Detroit challengers for speedboating's most prized trophy, the Gold Cup, won last year and in 1950 by the old lady, in 1951 by the young lady.

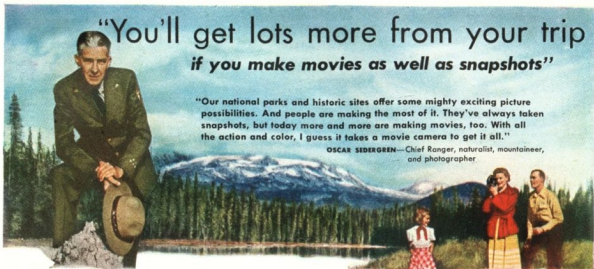
Both boats are the belles of Seattle and are owned by Car Dealer Stanley Sayres, 57. Five years ago, he sat down with a boatbuilder and a designer to work out a radical craft that would ride as much on air as on water, yet be controllable. The result was *Slo-Mo IV*, which the Detroiters have now grudgingly copied; but, as this week's race proved, they have not yet caught up with Stan Sayres. Throwing up a saucy rooster tail of white spray as she churned round & round the 3½-mile course, *Slo-Mo IV* rubbed the Detroit boats in her wake. Behind on only one lap of the three-hour, 90-mile race, she racked up speed records for a single lap and a full heat. First owner ever to win four Gold Cups in a row, Stanley Sayres said happily: "The old family runabout did it again."



# "You'll get lots more from your trip if you make movies as well as snapshots"

"Our national parks and historic sites offer some mighty exciting picture possibilities. And people are making the most of it. They've always taken snapshots, but today more and more are making movies, too. With all the action and color, I guess it takes a movie camera to get it all."

OSCAR SIDERGREN—Chief Ranger, naturalist, mountaineer,  
and photographer



OF COURSE, you'll take snapshots on your trip—lots in color. But if you want to "bring back" your holiday—just as you lived it—then you must make movies as you go.

And you'll be on the go . . . with new faces . . . new scenes . . . new and thrilling experiences tumbling past you from the moment you pick up your bags and say, "This is it!" You simply can't do full justice to it all in "still" pictures, only. Life just won't stand still!

**So movies are wonderful!  
But aren't they hard to make?**

Not a bit of it! Movies are as simple as snapshots. There's an exposure guide on every Kodak movie camera. Some models don't even have to be focused. You can focus the others, if you like, or use an all-purpose setting that gives you crisp movies at almost any distance.

A fast lens does a perfect job under

varying light. It has a built-in sunshade, too, so you can follow action almost into the sun.

**It's easy, then, to make  
good movies. But the cost?**

Well—the Brownie Movie Camera sells at a new low \$39.75. It uses economical 8mm. roll film . . . only \$3.95 for full color or \$3.25 for black-and-white—including processing! And each roll makes 30 to 40 average movie scenes!

So movies need cost no more than a dime a scene. Hard to see how you can afford not to make movies, a picture record precious above all others because it faithfully, excitingly recreates the color, the action, the reality of life itself.

But get the story from your Kodak dealer. Or mail coupon to Kodak—for free copy of "Let's Make Movies." You'll find out how easily you can bring home movies to your house.



**Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera**—Kodak's finest 16mm. personal movie camera. With superb "Ektar" f/1.9 Lens, \$176.25.



**Cine-Kodak Magazine 8 Camera**—Magazine loading; finger-tip controls; accepts telephoto lenses. With fine, fast f/1.9 lens, \$160.



**Brownie Movie Camera**—Most economical way to crisp, clear 8mm. movies. Has fine f/2.7 lens. New low price, only \$39.75.

How the folks will gather round . . . how the "ohs" and "ahs" will arise, as you—and your trip—show up big as life on the home movie screen.



See "Photographic Equipment and Supplies"

Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice

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**"LET'S MAKE MOVIES"**  
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Dept. 6: Please send me my free copy of "Let's Make Movies."

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**Kodak**  
TRADE MARK

A close-up photograph of a man with short brown hair, wearing a blue shirt, focused on working on a large, complex metal engine component. He is using a red-handled tool, possibly a screwdriver or a small wrench, to adjust a part of the engine. The engine component is highly detailed with various bolts, flanges, and a central shaft. The background is dark and out of focus, suggesting a workshop or factory setting. The word "milli" is visible in the top right corner, likely part of "millimeter".

milli

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crankshafts, pistons, bearings, cylinder walls and other wearing surfaces.

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In the making of every GM car there are literally hundreds of super-precision tests like this on transmissions, bodies and frames, as well as engines, which insure longer wear and smoother performance. That is one of the big reasons why the key to a General Motors car is your key to greater value.



*"Your Key to Greater Value—the Key to a General Motors Car"*

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OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC  
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## RELIGION

### Little Egypt

A Yankee in a convertible can enter the town of Egypt, Miss., lighting a cigarette, leave it exhaling his first drag, and never know that he has been anywhere at all. But Egypt is somewhere, all right; it contains a couple of general stores and filling stations and 100 citizens as civic-minded and world-aware as just about any in the U.S. It also contains the outstanding rural church in the South.

That is what the award said, presented by the Emory University Town & Country School to the Egypt Methodist Church, which won out over 1,329 competing churches in 13 states. Until last year, Egypt Methodist had only 14 members. They had no building of their own, but met with the Baptists (membership 43) and listened to Baptist preachers. Then the Methodists got two more members. Galvanized by this shot in the arm, they set out to get a preacher of their own and a church to put him in.

Tall, earnest Harold L. Hathorn, 30, came with his pretty blonde wife Clyde Marie and things really began to hum. The women of the church gave three dinners at which they raised \$1,200 for the new building. Then they sat down and began writing letters—to prominent Mississippians, to former "Egyptians" who had moved away, to leading U.S. church figures, asking for \$10 from each. Last spring the \$12,000 brick church was finished except for the pews.

Egypt Methodist won its \$1,000 award on the basis of five standards which were applied to all competing churches: ministerial leadership, progress in the past year, effective use of its resources, community cooperation, evidence of "world concern." But it was all summed up in the judges' words: "Because they did more with less." They expect to go on doing more. "Winning this prize has set a high standard for us to live up to," says Pastor Hathorn.

Last week 32-member Egypt Methodist was abutle to raise about \$500 more to add to the prize money for the purchase of 14 new pews. "I have no fear about obtaining the money," said Pastor Hathorn confidently. "Nothing stops our women when they go after something."



EGYPT'S METHODIST CHURCH  
Somewhere, all right.

Barton Perry



Ernie Stout

CIGARETTE BREAK AT BRANDEIS CAMP  
To live as "we," not "I."

### The Oasis

Among the sun-baked hills of Santa Susana, covered with rough brush and scrub oak, the priests and prophets of ancient Israel might walk without surprise; such was the hard land where Jacob lay down to dream on a pillow of stones and David praised God with song and sword. But the hills of Santa Susana are 35 miles from Los Angeles, and the Jews who walk there are men like Furniture Manufacturer Julius Figelman or Actor Paul Muni. They and other U.S. Jews of all ages come to Brandeis Camp Institute as to a spiritual oasis where they may find peace and the wisdom of their ancestors.

**Little & Big Oaks.** The camp was set up seven years ago and named for the late Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis, who had felt all his life that Jews can become better Americans by becoming better Jews. Originally a cattle ranch and hunting lodge, its barns and outbuildings were converted into studios, social centers and meeting halls. The institute tries, in the words of Director Dr. Shlomo Bardin, 54, "to open up for our people a heritage that is thousands of years old—by prayer, by music, by drama, by art—by living life in [terms of] 'we' rather than 'I.'"

About 200 young men and women over 18 are sent to Brandeis each summer by their parents or by their local congregations (cost: \$200 each). This year a new, younger group (from 13 to 18) has been added, known as the *Alonim* (Little Oaks). But Brandeis has found its biggest success with the older oaks, in the short retreats for adults started last summer.

The 60-odd men who wound up their visit at Brandeis last week came from Hollywood and San Francisco and from as far away as Denver and New York City. Among them: Radio Writer Norman Corwin, Manufacturer (Period Fur-

niture Co.) Edward Meltzer, Papermaker (Hudson Pulp & Paper Co.) Joe Mazer, and David Tannenbaum, acting mayor of Beverly Hills.

The group got a spiritual pep talk from the institute's music director, Max Helfman. He told them about young people turning to their religion—"Imagine, 80 young college girls in Bikini bathing suits sitting beside that beautiful swimming pool practicing their *parashah* [the part of the Bible to be read in the Sabbath service] . . . I know some of you are asking, 'But why is a return to true Judaism so important?' I will tell you why. Because 2,000 years ago the Jews brought their message to the world and Christianity was the result. But the sad truth is, gentlemen, that it didn't take. For if we had a truly Christian world today . . . we would not need Judaism so badly. Gentlemen, the whole thing must be done again. The Jews must again bring their message of love and peace and dignity to the world . . ."

The men slept in tents, made their own beds. They read the Bible, learned chants and rituals, and rehearsed the religious play which climaxes each retreat. This one, titled *The Spaniard*, was about the life of Maimonides, 12th century Jewish philosopher, and was written by Film-scripser Michael Blankfort.

**"I'll Be Back."** There was plenty of joking and laughter, but also long hours of serious give & take with a rabbi. As with each retreat, the most moving moment was the evening ceremony of *Havdalah* (Separation), which ushers out the Sabbath. Music Director Helfman's voice rose in the sacred song of Elijah, who will herald the coming Messiah; in three concentric circles, their arms around each other's shoulders and waists, the men

From left: Screenwriter Michael Blankfort, Producer Steve Brody, Actor Paul Muni, Camp Director Dr. Shlomo Bardin.

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CIGARETTES

picked up the chant, swaying with the cadence. When the service ended and the lights came on one by one, many of these hard-driving, hard-driven city men seemed to feel their Jewishness for the first time with a sense of privilege and joy. "I'll be back," said Manufacturer Edward Meltzer. "Even without this I'd be back. But when you've taken part in *Havdalah* here, you couldn't stay away if you wanted to."

### Kinsey for Lutherans

With Dr. Alfred Kinsey's new book *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* almost ready for publication, Missouri Synod Lutherans are preparing a kind of Kinsey report of their own. In 1950 the church's Triennial Convention appropriated \$25,000 for a 25-man research team to investigate Biblical references and Christian teaching on marriage and family life and what Lutherans think and do about it. In charge of the survey is 38-year-old Pastor Paul Hansen of St. John's Lutheran Church in Denver, who expects to publish the full report in 1954. Among the preliminary findings:\*

¶ Only 16% of young Lutheran bachelors (age 16-20) admit to sexual intercourse (whereas Kinsey found that, among non-churchgoing Protestants in the same age bracket, 90% of grade-school-level males, 80% at high-school-level and 45% at college level had premarital intercourse). Among older nonmarried Lutherans (age 31-35), the figure jumped to 33% (Kinsey's figure: 59%).

¶ 4% of young married Lutheran men (age 16-20) admitted extramarital intercourse as against Kinsey's figure of 44% for grade-school-level, 40% for high-school-level males.

¶ 64% of married Lutherans, but only 36% of the clergy, approve the use of contraceptive devices.

¶ One in 20 Lutheran marriages ends in divorce, as opposed to the general Protestant average of one in ten, and the Catholic figure of one in 25 (not counting annulments).

¶ There was disagreement between laymen and clergy on what causes family dissension. Said the laity: finances, in-laws and disputes over child-training. Said the clergy: drink, sex and religion.

### Into the Devil's World

An Amish farm is likely to have a horse-drawn buggy in the yard and no electric lights in the house. The men of the sect (an offshoot of the Mennonites) wear wide-brimmed black hats, plain black suits, and beards; the women, plain bonnets and voluminous clothes. For some 35,000 thrifty, hard-working Amish folk, living mostly in Ohio, Indiana and Pennsylvania, the Devil is a sleepless foe, whom they dodge by foregoing automobiles, plumbing, cosmetics, store-bought underwear, high-school education and all man-

\* Based on a questionnaire given to 1% of the families in three Lutheran synods (Missouri, Augustana, Evangelical), it covers a total of 3,405 married lay people and 946 single men and women, plus 376 pastors, most of them married.



George Mills

EMMA MILLER

All kinds can get to heaven.

ner of frivolity. Amish folk seldom break through the black homespun that seems to divide them from their neighbors, but when they do, outsiders get a glimpse of the strange life behind the curtain. Last week Hazelton, Iowa (pop. 550) was still agitated by such an escape: two Amish girls had gone out into the Devil's world.

One night last December, Emma Miller, 18, stole out of her parents' house, wearing a sinful pink blouse and a blue skirt. She got a lift into town and eventually found a job as a houseworker. One Sunday afternoon last month, her friend Anna Yoder, 18, turned up at Emma's apartment in an Amish bonnet and with a yen to cut loose, too. "I cut her hair and washed . . . and set it," said Emma. "I put makeup on her and dressed her in my clothes."

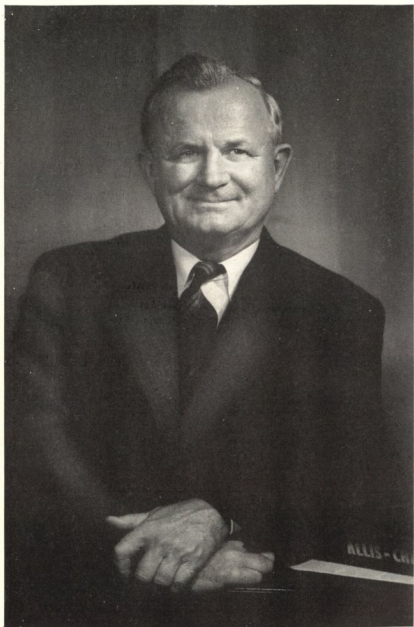
But that evening Anna's father and six other Amish men were outside in a car they had borrowed for the emergency. They talked earnestly with errant Anna on the front porch. "All of a sudden they got around Anna and carried her off," said Emma. "You could see from Anna's face looking back that she was scared to death. But they didn't hurt her. They all went away in the car."

Pink-cheeked, brown-eyed Emma had also received visits from her parents, but they did not coerce her to return. "My mother told me that God doesn't hear me pray any more because I ran away," said Emma. "She told me my soul is in hell. It is not. I have read the Bible. I know that it isn't just the Hooks® that go to heaven, like they told us. All kinds can get there if you live right."

Emma Miller is now thoroughly in the world: she goes to the Presbyterian Church and is planning to work in a beauty parlor.

\* Slang for the Amish, derived from the books and eyes they wear on their coats and vests instead of buttons.

# "If you want to be happier...more secure ...be discontented"



**A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL POLICYHOLDER.** Life insurance with the Northwestern Mutual plays a substantial part in Mr. Roberts' personal program. He owns a total of fourteen individual policies with this Company.

*A statement suggesting a constructive attitude toward life insurance*

by **WILLIAM A. ROBERTS**  
*President*

*Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company*

**T**O SAY that a larger measure of happiness can come from being discontented seems a contradiction.

"Yet if a man is to have maximum success in his work, if he is to enjoy a fuller, richer life, the feeling of being 'dissatisfied' with his present accomplishment is vital.

"And certainly this habit of discontent is one of the surest safeguards to *family security*. We often see the unhappy consequences when a husband or wife carries to extreme the attitude, 'We're satisfied, things are going all right.' So many times, the result of such complacency is *insufficient life insurance*—far too little to provide for the family's needs.

"And the healthy habit of discontent automatically creates *another* good habit. That is *reviewing* one's life insurance at regular intervals.

"The man who is 'restless' enough to keep alert to his changing needs for life insurance can, and usually does, build the kind of security he wants for his family."

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## MUSIC

### Late-Blooming Prodigy

At 51, Sir William Walton stands second in England's current trinity of famous composers. Less prolific than either 80-year-old Ralph Vaughan Williams or 39-year-old Benjamin Britten, he has turned out some pieces (e.g., his *Symphony* and *Viola Concerto*) that are considered better than any of their more celebrated works. In the U.S. he is known for *Façade*, an impudent accompaniment for Edith Sitwell's eccentric verses; *Belshazzar's Feast*, a big dramatic choral work; and *Orb and Sceptre*, a grandiose march commissioned for the coronation. Visiting the U.S. with his Argentine born wife, he will conduct these three works in the Hollywood Bowl this week.

Standing a well-proportioned six feet and looking something like a less rugged version of Cinemactor George Sanders, Sir William (knighted in 1951) is a gracious example of a sheltered English composer. Unlike that other popular British musician, Sir Thomas Beecham, Walton is no heady phrasemaker, either in speech or music. Although his music often sounds witty and facile, he writes slowly and for perfection.

**A Very Fury.** His father was a music teacher in the town of Oldham, and young William went to Oxford as a chorister. There he made friends with Sacheverell Sitwell, of the well-to-do writing Sitwells. The family took a fancy to William and helped him financially while he was trying to make his way; few modern composers have been able to concentrate on their work with fewer mundane worries.

Walton leaped to fame in 1926 with *Façade*. His *Belshazzar* was, to London *Sunday Times* Critic Ernest Newman, "bursting with a very fury of exultation." Walton wrote a *Violin Concerto* for his friend Jascha Heifetz, but was driving an ambulance in London during the war when the work was premiered and never heard it until it was recorded.

By that time Composer Walton, a kind of late-blooming prodigy, already feared that his ability was fading. "Today's white hope is tomorrow's black sheep," he remarked when he was 37. "I seriously advise all serious composers to die at the age of 37." His production, always slow, fell off sharply, although he turned out excellent film scores for Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* and *Henry V*.

**A Secret Love.** For the past three years, he has been working on a new opera. "British composers," says Walton, "are all writing operas now." With about 20 minutes of music left to write, Walton thinks he may finish in another year. The work is *Troilus and Cressida*, based on Chaucer's poem, not Shakespeare's play ("You can't set Shakespeare's to music"), and the world's top opera houses have already made bids for the premiere.

The story, adapted by British Librettist Christopher Hassall, is practically foolproof opera material. The scene is



Associated Press  
SIR WILLIAM & LADY WALTON  
Great fun on the battlefield.

Homeric Troy during the Greek siege. Troilus is smitten with love for the beautiful young widow Cressida, but he is too shy to take the initiative. Her uncle, a worldly gent and Troilus' helpful friend, asks her to spend the night in his house. Troilus lies in hiding, ready to sprint to the guest room at the earliest opportunity. There follow three years of passionate, secret love. Finally, Cressida's father, a Greek fellow traveler who has gone over to the enemy, gets her out of, besieged Troy and into the Greek camp. There, she is all too soon seduced by another man. When it is clear that Cressida is



Colver  
TROILUS & CRESSIDA  
A sprint to the guest room.





## New way to roll out the barrels

When the hammer hits the barrel, the bung pops out, and fine, well-aged whiskey pours forth. It fills the air with rich aroma as it flows to a giant tank for blending and bottling.

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Yesterday, samples were drawn and tested again. Today, with final approval given, the barrel rolled under the bung hammer.

This long-term screening and testing is part of the network of quality controls which guards Schenley whiskeys. Guards their goodness from the time the grain is grown till the whiskey is in your glass . . . and brings you the utmost enjoyment in every drop of every drink. Schenley Distillers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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# CHANEL



Arthur Siegel

SAUTER & FINEGAN AT THE BLUE NOTE®  
Saxophone to piccolo to xylophone to kozoo.

gone for good. Troilus furiously kills "thousands" of Greeks, finally dies on Achilles' blade.  
Says Composer Walton: "It's great fun."

## New Sound

In Chicago's Blue Note Café last week, the tiny bandstand was jammed so tight that the grand piano dangled off the platform and had one leg supported by a post. Glittering in the colored lights was an instrument few jive cats had ever seen—a harp, and across the back gleamed a picket fence of big tubular chimes. Altogether there were 21 players and 77 instruments, with ten microphones scattered among them. A spectacled, shy young man named Eddie Sauter—one of the leaders of the band—wrote something on a slate and held it up for all the players to see. They went into *Moonlight on the Ganges* the way it had never been heard before on the shores of Lake Michigan, the Mississippi, the Hudson, the Nile or the Ganges.

The band seemed to be playing musical chairs. The percussion man ran back & forth between kettle drums, cymbal and a toy drum, jangled some bells on the way, hammered a xylophone and, with evident pleasure, whammed a huge Chinese gong. Saxophone players switched to flutes, clarinets and even recorders; Sauter himself picked up a kazoo and produced sounds very much like bagpipes. Again the slate and another tune: *The Doodletown Fifers*. Two men played the piccolo, two the baritone saxophone, one the tenor saxophone. Then the three sax players put down their instruments and whistled. By the time they picked them up again, the second piccolo had switched to tenor sax, quickly moved on to flute, then back to piccolo.

**Chest-Beater.** The result was not, as might be expected, a kind of Spike Jones pandemonium, but gently exuberant,

whimsical and thoroughly disciplined. Eddie Sauter and his partner Bill Finegan are running the most original band heard in the U.S. in years.

As arrangers for such once radical leaders as Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller, Finegan and Sauter get restless, last year started recording their own arrangements for RCA Victor (*TIME*, Aug. 11, 1952), finally took their own band on tour this summer. They decided to achieve new sounds by wider use of the old instruments. "We wanted to go high, so we wrote for piccolos," says Sauter. "We wanted to go low, so we added the tuba." Among the band's special effects: Finegan pounding his chest vigorously to imitate horses' hooves.

Their orchestration is highbrow, including a lot of counterpoint, but every Sauter-Finegan arrangement has either a palpable atmosphere or a clear story line or both, without ever tripping over its danceable rhythm. With the precision of a Marine parade and the grace of a lace handkerchief waving on the sidelines, the big band runs through a notably modest version of *Rain*, a playful *Midnight Sleighride*, a dreamy *April in Paris*. Jazz-wise listeners only had an occasional sense of too much novelty for its own sake.

**Juggling Act.** The band's tour has drawn interested crowds. Wherever there is a dance floor, about half the crowd uses it, the other half stands open-mouthed and gawks at the activity onstage. At Chicago's Blue Note, with no dancing, the crowd of teen-agers and well-dressed, middle-aged couples just gawked, smiled happily and applauded.

Arrangers Sauter and Finegan were a little puzzled by their own success. "Maybe," said Sauter, "people just like to watch a juggling act."

© Sauter conducting; Finegan, below bandstand, facing audience.

Her first formal . . . or the first time he gets to use your car. You keep watching the milestones pass, one after another. It's fun—but sometimes you wish that time would move just a little more slowly. It seems like only yesterday that you sat down with your Massachusetts Mutual man to start planning for your child's future. Yet perhaps now it's time to sit down again—and make sure those plans still fit.

*Massachusetts Mutual*  
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## EDUCATION

### Antidote for Easy Living

By normal standards of public relations, the brochure of the projected school was certainly strange. It advertised no buildings, laboratories or equipment, frankly admitted that the school had virtually none of these things to offer. Instead, it said, prospective students would have to count on building most of the plant themselves. Nonetheless, last week nine sturdy teen-aged students were already out in Colorado paying \$350 for the privilege of creating—practically from scratch—the Colorado Rocky Mountain School.

To Founders John and Anne Holden, both 42, all this was not meant to be just an easy way of getting themselves a campus. Both former teachers at Vermont's Putney School, they had long since come to the conclusion that a little creative manual labor is just what modern education needs. This year, after months of planning, they pooled their slim savings, bundled their two children and furniture onto a truck, set out to transplant the Putney idea in the West. The place they picked was a log ranch house with a couple of chicken coops, located in Roaring Fork Valley, 30 miles northwest of Aspen.

**Busy Students.** When they first sent out their brochures, they quickly learned that they would be free from at least one problem: 35 teachers applied for free jobs, and nine camp counselors liked the idea so much that some of them offered to come out free for the summer, just to get things started. The Holdens accepted the counselors, hired four of the teachers, later added a nurse and a general secretary. By the end of June, they were all set for their first students to arrive to help put the campus in order.

Though the school does not actually



Charles Chappin

JOHN & ANNE HOLDEN

For students, ditches and housework.

open until fall (full year's fee: \$1,550), the students and counselors have already done a good deal more than a term's work. They have planted a flourishing acre and a half garden and started storing up its vegetables in a neighbor's home freezer. They have rebuilt the two chicken houses, converting one into a girls' dormitory and the other into a red-curtained privy.

**Just a Transition.** They have built benches, desks, bunks and tables, have lined the ranch-house walls with book cases, installed cupboards, coat racks and window screens. They have cut and hauled several cords of wood, started clearing a ski trail, piled, loaded and sold 4,000 bales of hay to help fill up the school's near-empty coffers. Meanwhile, they have also done their housework—cooking, cleaning and making beds.

When fall comes, the students will go right on with such chores. Though they will study the usual prep-school courses and get their share of skiing, riding and playing, they will also plant, sew, dig irrigation ditches, scrub floors, haul wood, tend horses, clear paths, pound nails, rake leaves, paint walls, and do any other manual labor the Holdens can think of.

Is all this too much to ask of students? Not at all, says John Holden. "Work is nothing new. Coeducation is nothing new. Making your own entertainment is nothing new. This school will just be a transition between home and college that provides students with some of the inner resources of which many people have been robbed by easy modern living."

### The Healer

His devout Methodist father had expressly forbidden him to read the book, but 13-year-old William Ernest Hocking of Joliet, Ill. could not resist the temptation. A usually obedient boy, he sneaked Herbert Spencer's *First Principles* out to the haymow, read with horrified fascination the book's conclusion that whatever Supreme Power might lie behind the universe, it "is utterly inscrutable." When he had finished, young Hocking realized that "father was right: the damage was done. I had started out life with a perfectly sound brand of orthodox religion. Now, I had lost it all. I was obliged to work the thing out for myself."

William Hocking has spent a lifetime working the thing out. In so doing, he won fame as one of the top half-dozen U.S. philosophers of his day. A tall, courtly scholar, he made all knowledge his province, and in an age of shriveling faith and swelling skepticism, he steadfastly refused to repudiate the universe or the God who made it. This week, as he turned 80, William Hocking occupied a place as the nation's foremost living exponent of Idealism—one of the least heeded, but most healing, of all philosophies.

**Cheapest Place.** Hocking became a professional philosopher almost by accident. He started out to be an engineer,



David Pierce

PHILOSOPHER HOCKING

For modern man, an eternal anchor.

had already enrolled at Iowa State College as "the cheapest possible place to get an education." Then, one day in the college library, he began reading the works of William James. "Right then," says he, "I decided to aim for the place where James taught."

At Harvard, he found not only William James but also Idealist Josiah Royce. Hocking promptly adopted both these men as "my honored masters." In the first, he found a challenge, in the second, a response. Over the next 40 years, he gradually molded that response into an eloquent philosophy of his own, passed it on to hundreds of Harvard students. Though of formal bearing, he never lacked fire: it was the fire of a man who believed with all his heart that "to know that the world has a meaning [is] the philosophic minimum."

**Whatever Works.** In his search for that meaning, Hocking was willing to meet the pragmatists on their own ground. Though he rejected the principle that "whatever works is true," he regarded the negative statement that "whatever does not work is not true" as a valid test for any philosophy. In his first book, *The Meaning of God in Human Experience*, he boldly applied the test to religion.

In all men, said he, there has been not only a will to endure, but also a will to be worthy of enduring. The work of religion has been to assure "to the individual his right to live and take part in an infinite history." It has been the only agency capable of uniting the "wider prophetic purposes of man." Whenever man looks deep enough to penetrate the "basis of such certainties as we have, our self-respect, our belief in human worth, our faith in the soul's stability through all catastrophes of physical nature, and in the integrity of history . . . forever we must recognize there a mass of actual deed, once for all accomplished under the



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assurances of historic religion." It was, said Hocking, "a system of deed . . . organized about a prophetic purpose once planted in history and now perpetually reproducing itself all around us."

**The Eternal Mind.** To Hocking, these prophetic purposes of man were just what the pragmatists and positivists were shunning. While they rejected such matters as unknowable and hence unworthy of speculation, Hocking regarded them as merely unfinished, and therefore the necessary basis for speculation. Plato, said he, was on the right track when he declared that the ultimate Ideas "are goals of which we already have an inkling, and the business of philosophy is to bring those latent perceptions to birth, which is recalling us to our true nature. But we can add this to Plato's view—that these same Ideas do not live by themselves in an abstract eternity; their place of being is in the purpose of the eternal Mind. And our share in those Ideas is the condition of our obligation to the world we live in."

Modern man, Hocking insists, has lost this anchor. He has placed change upon a pedestal, but behind change he has "nothing, absolutely nothing." Following the methods of science, he may have limbered up the world and given himself an illusion of freedom. But in the process, he has lost his ability to "discriminate between the outworn and the eternal."

**One-Eyed Look.** To save himself, man does not need to reject science or its method. But to look at the universe in only that way is to see with only one eye. What man must do is to discover the "healing fact"—the fact which only religion can furnish. "Myths," says Hocking, "there must be, since visions of the future must be clothed in imagery. But there are myths which displace truth and there are myths which give wings to truth . . . There are deeper myths, born of the permanent and universal aspirations of men, such as the dream of a future human fraternity. Such myths as these . . . are never mere mythology, because they are founded on a literal and present truth."

"This truth is the healing fact of which we are in search . . . It is accessible to every man, to the commoner and the pundit, on the same terms; yet it falls short of being notorious common knowledge because the . . . single-eyed industriousness of inquiry which loses sight of the soul loses it also. It is the truth that the world, like the human self, has its unity in a living purpose. It is the truth of the existence of God."

## Books Across Kentucky

President Harry Schacter of the Kaufman-Straus department store in Louisville was only an observer at the annual meeting of the Friends of Kentucky Libraries. But the facts he heard from the Friends disturbed him. In library service, he learned, no state except North Dakota ranks lower than Kentucky: 86% of its rural population gets no such service at all. By the time the meeting was over, Harry Schacter had an idea.

By last week Schacter's idea had mush-

roomed into the most high-pressured culture drive Kentucky had ever seen. Alben Barkley was in on it, and so were Happy Chandler, Senators Earle Clements and John Sherman Cooper, Novelists A. B. Guthrie and Robert Penn Warren. Chaired by Mrs. Barry Bingham, the energetic wife of the editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, the campaign was out to put Parnassus on wheels, get 110 bookmobiles circulating through the state. This week, in Nelson County, the first one was about to go into operation.

To drum up donations, Mrs. Bingham's workers have toured 64 of the state's 120 counties, making speeches, visiting local notables, persuading newspapers to give the campaign special publicity. They have persuaded 36 organizations



Louisville Courier-Journal & Times

CHAIRMAN BINGHAM

For \$9, a flywheel for Parnassus.

from the C.I.O. and the United Daughters of the Confederacy to the Home-owned Grocers' Association to back them. Already they have received promises of bookmobiles from every sort of group from a truck drivers' local to the Honorable order of Kentucky Colonels. According to the project's heads, a donor can offer a whole bookmobile (\$3,000) or just some of its parts—a flywheel for \$9, a gas tank for \$17.50, or even a connecting rod for 12¢. So far, a total of 20 bookmobiles has been promised.

This fall some communities in the state will have their own March of Books, with citizens going from door to door to ask for contributions. Kentucky theaters will put on special matinees, charge two books as the price of admission. Four Kentucky colleges are talking of special six-week courses for new driver-librarians. By next spring, Mrs. Bingham expects that Kentucky will at last have as good a library service as any state in the Union. After all, says she, "good books, next to good parents, are singly the most powerful educative force in the world."



## How to live happily on \$100,000.00 a year


With truffles the price they are today, you may wonder how this is possible. But did you ever consider how many people are happy without truffles? It makes you stop and think.

Or take bathrooms. We know a couple who had 9 bathrooms. Today they're making do with three. Oh, it takes gumption all right, but roughing it can be fun.

The one must, however, for every man is a gleaming Silver Star blade. In the first place it's made of keener Swedish steel, by the exclusive Duridum process. It's kinder to your face. A face, of course, is essential.

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*Man! What a treat for a working guy!*

The new DRIVERIZED cab is designed with living-room comfort to reduce driv-

er fatigue. It is just one of many new *time-saving* features in '53 Ford Trucks, all at the same low price.

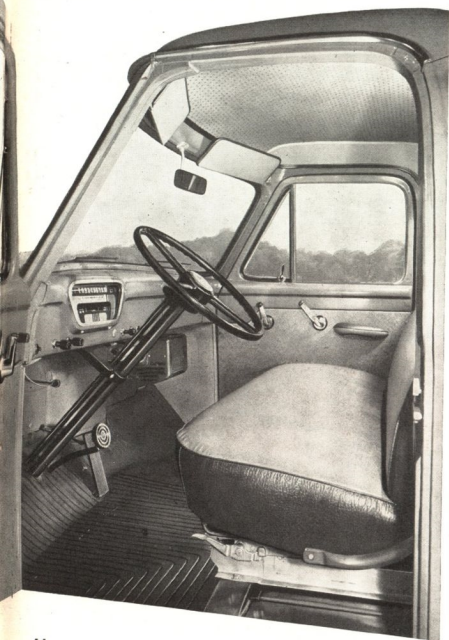
There's new power for sustained speed travel—new transmissions for easier shifting—new set-back front axles for shorter turning—new features throughout to help *get jobs done fast*.

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Here at last is a truck cab big enough to let a fellow get his size 12's into and out of without breaking his neck.

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sag springs—and independently adjustable back-rest. For added luxury, a foam-rubber cushion is one of 16 additional custom features available at slight extra cost in the DRIVERIZED DELUXE cab shown above.

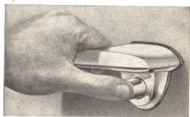
Standard as well as Deluxe DRIVERIZED cabs have new fully weather-sealed doors, new accelerator linkage that eliminates the toe-board hole, plus improved body seals at all joints designed to keep the cab dust-tight, fume-tight, and water-tight.



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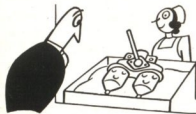
BY O. SOGLOW



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SPARK ARRESTERS

LIQUID FILTERS  
OIL SEPARATORS  
GREASE FILTERS

## RADIO & TELEVISION

### At Last, Color TV

Color television, the shore dimly seen, broke into the clear last week when the Federal Communications Commission announced it would authorize a new compatible color system which can be received in black & white on existing TV sets.

The announcement is not the final word. The FCC will hear any objections until Sept. 8, but the big networks and set manufacturers seem agreed that the time and the system are right. Although the method is the product of the three-year-old National Television System Committee, a technical group representing most of the major manufacturers, the victory is RCA's. Its "dot sequential" color system lost out to CBS's noncompatible "field sequential" system in 1950, but a 1951 defense order halting color-set production gave the N.T.S.C. time to perfect its own method.

If there is no opposition, the FCC's final adoption announcement (probably before the end of the year) will be the signal for full-scale manufacture of color sets, perhaps with some on the market within six months. Pioneering televisioners will pay \$700 to \$1,000 for the earliest models, but mass production is expected to bring prices down to 25-50% above the cost of comparable black & white sets. By the end of 1954, color TV ought to be available. Both CBS and RCA plan to start sample color telecasts this year.

### The Summer Shows

**Medallion Theater** (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS-TV) is a potentially first-rate summer series that, so far, has had trouble getting off the ground. The first program was a painstaking, rather flat dramatization of an episode from Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*. Others have included *The Man Who Liked Dickens*, starring Claude Rains, a prettied-up version of Evelyn Waugh's story of a lost explorer held captive by an illiterate half-breed, and *Mrs. Union Station*, a farce starring June Haver. The show may have better luck this week with Charles Ruggles in an adaptation of Richard Harding Davis' *The Consul*. The commercials plug a different Chrysler Corp. car each week.

**First Person** (Fri. 8:30 p.m., NBC-TV) often uses the camera as one of its actors, and leans toward old-fashioned horror stories. Last week's show was a supernatural melodrama about a numbed victim and a reluctant murderer, but toward the end, the eerie quality dissolved into unexplained silliness. Sponsor: Gulf Oil.

**21st Precinct** (Tues. 9:30 p.m., CBS Radio) makes an effective half-hour of police drama (from Manhattan files), but loses a lot of sting from its resemblance to NBC's *Dragnet* (from Los Angeles files). In its favor, the new show has Actors Everett Sloane and Joan Loring and Director-Writer Stanley (Gangbusters) Niss, an expert at creating minor personalities. *21st Precinct* captures the sounds



JOAN LORRING & EVERETT SLOANE  
Out of the filing case.

and scenes of everyday police work; the characters are all underplayed, just like *Dragnet* (which pretty much originated that school of radio acting, and has lately begun underplaying its own underplaying). Unspensored.

### Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 14. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

#### RADIO

**Stars Over Hollywood** (Sat. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Jan Sterling in *Little White Lies*.

**World Music Festivals** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). The Boston Symphony at the Berkshire Festival.

**American Forum of the Air** (Sun. 7:30 p.m., NBC). "Is Communism Threatening the Church?" with the Very Rev. James A. Pike, dean of Manhattan's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and Michigan's Congressman Kit Clardy.

#### TELEVISION

**It Happened in Sports** (Fri. 10:45 p.m., NBC). Bud Palmer interviews sport celebrities.

**Adventure** (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS). "Non-Kon-Tiki," a discussion of an alternative theory to Thor Heyerdahl's belief that the Incas migrated to Polynesia.

**Meet the Press** (Sun. 6 p.m., NBC). Guest: Assistant Secretary of State Walter S. Robertson.

**Goodyear TV Playhouse** (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Paul Tripp in *The Rainmaker*.

**Studio One** (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Betsy Palmer in *Sentence of Death*.

**Judge for Yourself** (Tues. 10 p.m., NBC). A new series, starring Fred Allen.

**Lux Video Theater** (Thurs. 9 p.m., CBS). Laraine Day in *Women Who Wait*.

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Power steering, 4-way power seat, power brakes, sea-lift glass, white side-wall tires optional at extra cost.

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For, aluminum is not only revolutionizing American manufacturing—it is revolutionizing American living. In thousands and thousands of useful products, aluminum is taking the place of other metals—making these products better—and cheaper.

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## THE PRESS

### Two Came Home

During the long months of truce talks at Panmunjom, the closest links between U.S. prisoners of war and their families back home were pictures taken in Korean prison camps by Associated Press's Pulitzer Prizewinning\* Photographer Frank Noel. It was a strange sort of beat. Noel, himself a P.W. since his 1950 capture while covering the Marines at Chosin Reservoir, used a Speed Graphic and films forwarded by A.P. through the Panmunjom camp. Censored by both Chinese and U.S. military, his pictures of beaming G.I.s seemed at once good propaganda to the Communists and good news for the U.S. home front. Last week, when Frank Noel reached Panmunjom in a group of released prisoners, his unsought "scoop" came to an end.

Old friends in the press corps mobbed the dusty red truck that brought him back. "Papps" Noel, his blue prison pants rolled above the knee, his sunburned face worn but happy, looked older than his 48 years. Noel said that after his camera arrived in the prison camp, the Communists put him under 24-hour guard, shuttled him from camp to camp to take photographs. Added Noel: "At first, lots of the boys refused [to pose]. But when a few pictures came back in the mail from their home-town papers, they realized I was playing it straight . . . I think the pictures did a lot more good than they ever could have done harm."

Faithful to an old A.P. rule, Noel in-

\* A survivor of an India-bound ship torpedoed by the Japanese off Sumatra in 1942, Noel won the prize for a photo he took from his lifeboat three days later, showing a Lascar crew member in another lifeboat frantic with thirst. (Its caption: "Water.")



Associated Press

PHOTOGRAPHER NOEL  
He played it straight.

sisted that the Communists group the G.I.s according to states and home towns, so that the pictures would get maximum play back home. He wrote no captions, jotting down only names and addresses. Despite Communist cropping, the published photos gave the U.S. Army valuable information on prison layouts and locations, and positive P.W. identifications. But one beat widely attributed to Noel—the pictures of captured Major General William Dean—was a Communist plant. Noel told newsmen last week that he never saw, much less photographed, the general.

In Hong Kong last week, another American journalist started on the long voyage home. The 5:50 p.m. train that crosses over from Lo Wu, last stop in Red China, disgorge harried, sweating John William ("Bill") Powell, his wife and two children. Powell, 34, editor of Shanghai's *China Monthly Review* until it folded last month "because we went broke," was the last U.S. journalist to publish in Red China.

Young Bill's father, who founded the old *China Weekly Review*, had been a courageous voice of freedom in the Far East. After Pearl Harbor, the Japanese punished him with a prison sentence that brought starvation, gangrene and the loss of ten toes, and hastened his death. Bill revived the weekly as a monthly, but turned it into a mouthpiece for the Chinese Reds. In recent issues, the *Review* called the Rosenberg trial a "frame-up," Point Four an "imperialist plot," and had "verified" U.S. "germ warfare" in Korea.

Newsmen who asked Powell last week why he had never criticized any Red action were rewarded with Powell's own version of Orwellian doublespeak: "You just don't understand. In China, there's a new appreciation of the role of the press."

### It's Only Money

During the summer doldrums, newspapers give away free dishes, free trips to Miami, free encyclopedias, free almost anything—just to keep circulation going. This summer, Hearst's tabloid New York *Mirror* is simply giving away money. By last week, after one month of its "Lucky Bucks Treasure Hunt," the *Mirror* had tossed out some \$10,000.

The rules of the treasure hunt are simple. Each day the *Mirror* prints the serial numbers of 14 to 19 "Lucky Bucks": dollar bills put into circulation via gas stations, food counters, newsstands, department stores, taxicabs, etc. Anyone who spots a Lucky Buck can claim his treasure—ranging from \$25 for an ordinary Lucky Buck to \$1,000 for the "giant" variety.

To keep the contest from being an illegal lottery, the *Mirror* was careful to specify: "It is not necessary to buy copies of the *Mirror* to win an award. You may inspect a copy of the paper free . . ." But all over the *Mirror* circulation area, and as far away as Miami, Fla. (where a treasure



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International

"LUCKY BUCK" WINNER  
He looked in the *Mirror*.

hunter spotted a Lucky Buck originally spent in a White Plains store), people were buying the tabloid to compare its numbers with their dollars. Lucky Bucks not redeemed in seven days lost their magic; after that, they were worth 100 cents.

Winners ranged from filling station attendants to doormen, from airplane riveters to landladies. Most of the "Lucky Buckaroos" came in happily to have their pictures taken, bills streaming from their ears or swirling around their heads. *Mirror* Publisher Charles McCabe was just as happy; July circulation was above normal.

### If I Had \$10 Million

After his defeat in last fall's election, Michigan's Democratic Senator Blair Moody, long the Washington correspondent for Detroit's *News*, told friends he would like to start a newspaper "if I had \$10 million."

Last week Moody's wistful hope seemed less of a pipe dream. With a syndicate of well-heeled and well-connected backers of predominantly Democratic leanings, Moody took a 15-year lease on Detroit's Michigan Rotary Printing Co., which has been printing a profitable 800,000-copy *Shopping News*, and several weeklies. Its modern presses could easily print a daily newspaper of either 32 or 48 pages. Reported cost of the lease (with an option to buy): \$250,000.

That was a far cry from \$10 million. But Moody's backers included some who could doubtless raise that much or more. Most prominent: Mrs. Paul Hoffman, wife of the ex-EC Administrator, now back at Studebaker, and Roger Stevens, Michigan real-estate potentate who engineered the \$25 million purchase of Manhattan's Empire State Building (TIME, June 4, 1951). Others, such as Bernard Baruch's secretary, Miss Mary Boyle, and W. Averell Harriman's protégé, Philip Stern, research director of the Democratic National Committee, were possibly stand-ins for bigger money. Detroit, which already has three newspapers (the locally

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owned *News*, Hearst's *Times* and Jack Knight's *Free Press*, buzzed with speculation over whether Moody and his backers would dare to start a new one. Moody had previously made offers to buy the *Times* and the *Free Press*, was turned down by both. At week's end, he was looking over the small-town Michigan dailies.

## Color Story

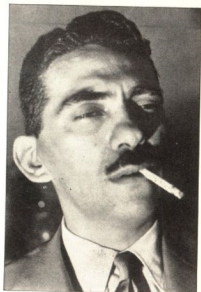
Comparing A.P. and U.P. accounts of a nudist beauty contest near London last week, the *Chicago Tribune* was puzzled. Both wire services reported that Miss Ivy Young, 25, a London clerical worker, had won the title "Miss [British] Nudist 1953." The A.P. called Ivy a "comely brunette"; the U.P. said she was a "blonde." Pondering the discrepancy, the *Tribune* chided: "Remember that reporting the bare facts is not enough. Get a little color into your stories, but get the colors right." Ivy herself gave the right one: "I'm a natural blonde, [and] that's straight from the horse's mouth." The A.P. did not cover the event, picked up the account (and error) from an unob-servant British newsmen.

## Dethroned Prophet

Samuel Wainer, a shrewd, nimble ex-political reporter, is the man who added new razzle-dazzle to Brazilian journalism. Two years ago, Sammy was just a columnist for wealthy Press Lord Assis ("Chatô") Chateaubriand (*TIME*, June 8). But when Sammy came out for ex-Dictator Getulio Vargas in the last presidential election, Chatô wired him: "I am buying ice for your hot head." Vargas won, and nicknamed Wainer "The Prophet." Money poured in from pro-Vargas industrialists and from the Vargas-controlled Bank of Brazil (a reputed \$18 million) to buy Wainer a plant and start a new, pro-Vargas paper, *Ultima Hora*.

Brazil had never seen anything like *Ultima Hora* (idiomatically: "Up to the Last Minute"). With bright-colored inks on Page One, lavish photographs, six-man reporting teams, cut-rate ads, lotteries and giveaways, Wainer promoted *Ultima Hora* into top circulation spots in Rio (\$5,000) and São Paulo (90,000). Ungrateful Sammy trained his guns on ex-Boss Chateaubriand's empire (28 newspapers, five magazines, two TV and 19 radio stations), denounced him as a "pirate" and "international rat," ridiculed him in front-page cartoons. Chateaubriand seethed, and bided his time.

Last week Chateaubriand's time came. Under the nationalistic constitution of Brazil, only native-born Brazilians can own, publish or edit newspapers. A telephone tip to another anti-Wainer editor, *Tribuna da Imprensa's* crusading Carlos Lacerda, had advised him to look into Wainer's nationality. Acting together, Lacerda and Chateaubriand assigned eleven reporters and five lawyers to sleuth out the facts, then blared them in Page One headlines and on radio and TV. The tipster was right: Wainer's mother had arrived from Bessarabia (now Soviet Rus-



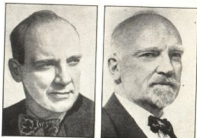
EDITOR WAINER  
Born three years too soon.

sia) in 1915—three years after Sammy was born. Cornered, Wainer produced immigration records purporting to prove his parents' arrival in 1905. Editor Lacerda demanded the original passenger list, proved that the Wainer names had been recently forged by a Vargas henchman.

Sensing a national scandal, President Vargas abandoned his protégé, ordered Wainer's radio station closed down, got ready to shut *Ultima Hora* too. Characteristically, Sammy devoted the station's last hours to heart-rending appeals to Vargas, interspersed with plugs for *Ultima Hora*. Then Sammy gave in, sold his stock at half-price (for \$15,000), and resigned as editor and publisher.

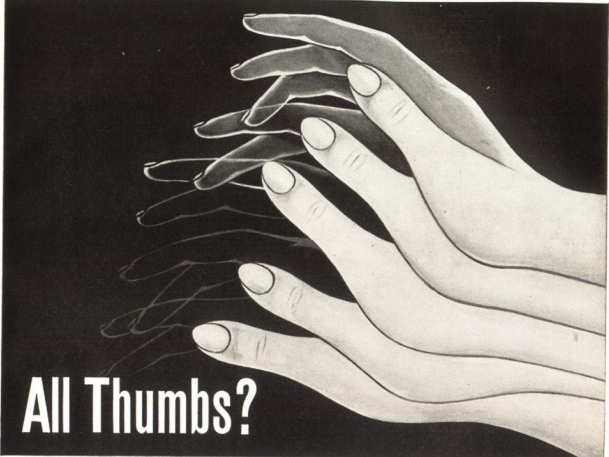
## Before & After

Like cartoon characters in the comic strips, many newspaper columnists never seem to grow old. For six years the same picture of Frank Kingdon, a onetime Methodist minister, has illustrated his "To Be Frank" column in the tabloid



New York *Post*, it was the likeness of a mildly balding, clean-shaven man in his 40s. Last week Dr. Kingdon, 59, decided to be frank about his looks. Without warning to the readers, the *Post* overnight changed photographs, used a new one of a bald, bearded and much older man (see cuts).





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Another big Monroe exclusive: Because it's a single keyboard all zeros and decimals are handled automatically. Make a note to 'phone your local Monroe representative soon. It'll pay off in reduced calculating costs for you!



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Hand must move farther,  
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Hand moves much less;  
motion is concentrated  
and greatly reduced,  
work is easier, more  
efficient.\*

\*Tracer light photos made by U. S. Testing Co. on the same routine figure problem show how much less work is required to operate Monroe's single keyboard.

MONROE CALCULATING MACHINE COMPANY, INC., ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

## ART

### History in Granite

Since its birth, the U.S. has been so busy making history that it has found little time to enshrine that history in formal monuments. America's pyramids are its functional skyscrapers, and its triumphal arches are the factory girders. Last week a committee of Americans (including Milton Eisenhower, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, General Lucius Clay, John L. Lewis) announced plans for a huge monument to the U.S. past, to be erected atop Pine Mountain, near Warm Springs, Ga.

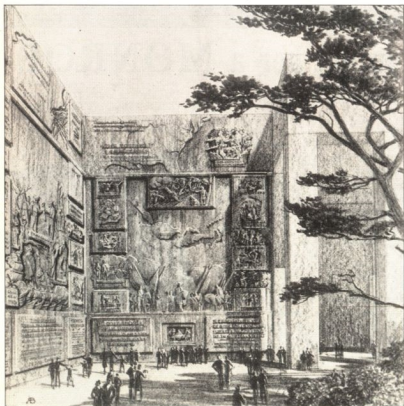
The idea for the "Hall of Our History" came to Milwaukee-born Eric Gugler, an architect who has already built a dozen memorials, but says he has "never been able to find a history of the U.S. in chronological order and in visual form in any one place." The granite history he plans will cost a monumental \$25 million, to be raised by public subscription. Gugler's blueprints for the monument, which will take ten years to build, call for a roofless, granite structure (247 feet wide, 418 feet long and 90 feet high), fitted inside with high relief sculptures of the major scenes in U.S. history from 1492 to 1918. Later generations are to carry the story past World War I.

The memorial's stark, forbidding outlines seem like nothing ever seen in U.S. history. But what the "Hall of Our His-

tory" may lack in quality, it will make up in quantity. Proclaimed the project's pressagents: "Comparable to the pyramids of Egypt in immensity and transcending other wonders-of-the-world in its intent. The 'Hall of Our History' will be . . . longer than two city blocks, wider than a football field and taller than a nine-story building." Added Gugler: "No one would look at the pyramids if they were 20 or 30 feet high . . . This shrine will endure for a millennium."

The U.S. got a look at another monument to U.S. history: a statue to be placed in a memorial at Normandy's Omaha Beach, where some 9,300 U.S. soldiers, sailors and airmen are buried in a military cemetery. The plaster model showed a 22-ft. figure (to be cast in bronze) of a semi-nude youth with rippling loincloth, his head and arms flung up and out, apparently on the point of taking off heavenward.

The work of Donald DeLue, an affable, 54-year-old expert in architectural sculpture (among his other works: the Harvey S. Firestone Memorial in Akron), the statue's well-meant but uninspired aping of classic works will irritate those who prize imagination as well as those who demand safe realism. DeLue's explanation: "I designed the figure as a spirit rising over the pain and toil of battle. This figure represents the triumph of the spirit over death."



ARTIST'S SKETCH FOR "HALL OF OUR HISTORY"  
Who wants to look at an undersized pyramid?

### Honor for Lotto

VENICE, a city that dreams much of the past, has staged six retrospective exhibitions of her long dead masters since 1935. Having already shown off her greatest—Bellini, Titian and Tintoretto—Venice this summer is doing homage to a lesser genius: Lorenzo Lotto. The city has gathered 121 Lottos from such faraway places as Stockholm and New York, hung them in a 16-room suite of the Doges' Palace. Its high, cool chambers, with coffered ceilings and huge chimney pieces, make almost too grand a setting for Lotto's art.

Lotto was a 16th century forerunner of Degas in France and Eakins in America. Like them, he tried to portray not just the skull beneath the skin, but also the brain beneath the skull. He was by turns humorous, analytical and bizarre, but never very bold. Instead of the grand simplicity fashionable in his day, Lotto offered narrow complexity. He was perhaps the first great "psychological painter," so of course the 20th century cottons to him.

**Flesh & Florins.** Puzzled by his cool, delicate style, Lotto's fellow Venitians much preferred the flesh and blood magnificence of his giant contemporary, Titian. So Lotto roamed Italy's small towns, picking up a commission for a church mural here, a portrait there. In 1554, when he was 72, Lotto turned himself and his belongings over to the Holy House at Loreto, because he was "tired of wandering." The contract provided that the monks would say prayers for him, and that he would have one florin a month "to do what he pleased with."

After his death, two years later, only specialists continued to study his art, and they saw little in him but concessions to the better-liked painters of his time. Not until 1895 did Boston's Bernard Berenson make his own reputation as an art critic by remaking Lotto's as an artist.

**Chastity & Chuckles.** Far from being a follower, argued Berenson, Lotto was "a personal painter at a time when personality was fast getting to be of less account than conformity." Berenson praised his humor as so delicate that in the *Triumph of Chastity* (opposite, top), it escapes attention. True, Aphrodite and the scared little Eros "are fleeing before the fury of a female who evidently personifies Mrs. Grundy, but their innocent looks betray their belief that she has been seized by a sudden and unaccountable madness, for which they are in no way responsible.

"If neither supremely original nor supremely powerful," Berenson concluded, "Lotto was at the least representative . . . of a very interesting minority." With delicate portraits, such as that of the young scholar (opposite, bottom), he "opens our eyes to the existence, in a time and in a country supposed to be wholly devoted to carnality and carnage, of gentle, sensitive people, who must have had many of our own social and ethical ideas, and been as much revolted by the crimes happening in their midst as we are by the horrors and scandals bursting out frequently among ourselves."



Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

LORENZO LOTTO'S "TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY" SHOWS APHRODITE AND EROS PUT TO FLIGHT BY INDIGNANT VIRTUE.



Academy, Venice

"PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN" IS 16TH CENTURY SCHOLAR IN MOOD OF QUIET REFLECTION.



DODGE CORONET V-EIGHT 4 DOOR SEDAN

*In all these ways this one car gives new meaning to the word*

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**Dependable Economy**—Proved when the '53 Dodge V-8 swept its field in the Mobilgas Economy Run: Won over all cars in low-medium price range and over all other "eights" in every price class by official AAA economy rating.

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There's more, *much more*, but it all adds up to this—*You've got to drive it to believe it!*



dependable

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## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Raymond Loewy, 59, industrial designer (Studebaker bodies, the Lucky Strike package), and his second wife, Viola Erickson Uzzell Loewy, 31; their first child, a daughter; in Manhattan. Name: Laurence. Weight: 5 lbs.

**Married.** Sandra Burns, 19, blonde adopted daughter of radio & TV's veteran comedy couple, George Burns and Gracie Allen; and William Wilhoite Jr., 24, men's-wear salesman, son of a Los Angeles clothing wholesaler; after eloping from Hollywood; in Las Vegas, Nev.

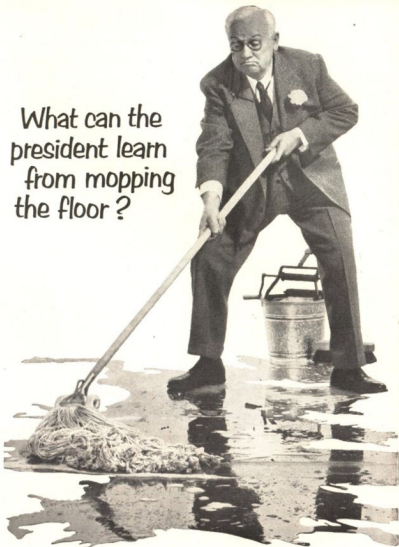
**Married.** Mildred ("Mimi") Clark, 20, Wellesley-educated daughter of U.S. Supreme Court Associate Justice Tom Clark; and Ensign Thomas Richard Gronlund, 23, Navy air cadet; in a formal wedding attended by 565 guests, including Chief Justice Fred Vinson, Associate Justice Hugo Black, General of the Army Omar Bradley; in Washington, D.C.

**Divorced.** By Jane Powell, 24, cinema actress (*Small Town Girl*, *Royal Wedding*); Gerhardt Anthony Steffen Jr., 30, professional skater turned insurance salesman, because he "spent his weekends skiing [or] playing tennis"; after nearly four years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

**Died.** Maud Murray Dale, 70, Manhattan patroness of modern French art; of a heart attack; in Southampton, N.Y. Grand-mannered daughter of a onetime New York *Herald* art critic, she divorced an indigent artist to marry Wall Street Utilities Financier Chester Dale. During a 1923 tour of Europe, she switched Dale's hobby from chasing fire engines (he was an honorary New York City fire chief) to buying paintings. In the next 15 years the Dales spent more than \$6,000,000 picking up some 700 paintings (e.g., Renoir's *Girl With a Watering Can*, Degas's *Four Dancers*, Picasso's *Family of Saltimbanques*), housed their collection in a five-story mansion off Fifth Avenue, later lent exhibits to the Philadelphia Museum of Art, Chicago's Art Institute and Washington's National Gallery, where some 170 Dale paintings now fill nine rooms, hang in twelve others. Always a believer in *noblesse oblige*, Patroness Dale once discarded her town car because its roof left the chauffeur exposed, designed a \$20,000 Belgian-made Minerva cabriolet with a sliding metal top that could be pulled over the driver's seat at the first sign of rain.

**Died.** Abner Powell, 92, one of professional baseball's oldtime promoters who, as pitcher-rightfielder-manager of the New Orleans Pelicans, first inaugurated (1887) the rain check and Ladies' Day to boost game attendance; of a heart attack, while chopping down a chinaberry tree in his yard; in New Orleans.

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# BUSINESS

## GOVERNMENT

### The Red & the Black

Treasury Secretary George Humphrey, regarded by many as the ablest businessman in Eisenhower's "business administration," has also fallen heir to the toughest problems. Last week he wrestled with the toughest one yet: how to keep the world's biggest business from going technically "broke." Congress' refusal to raise the \$275 billion limit on the U.S. debt (TIME, Aug. 10) made it entirely possible that Humphrey would not have adequate means to pay the Government's bills.

Humphrey had many volunteer advisers who assured him that the problem was not really as bad as it looked. Noting that federal spending in July was \$674 million less than in July a year ago, they argued that if this rate of thrift could be maintained for six months, the Government would spend only about \$32.5 billion in 1953's last half, v. \$37.4 billion expected to be spent, and that the \$5 billion difference would not only keep the debt below the \$277 billion figure Humphrey had predicted by December, but under the \$275 billion ceiling, too.

Unfortunately, some of the number work seemed a bit too hasty. July's saving actually was a bookkeeping fluke brought about by several happenstance facts. No payments had been made during the month toward either the Post Office deficit or the Civil Service Commission's retirement fund. Thus the "saving" was only a paper cutback of \$500 million, much of which must be paid. The fiscal crisis could not be figured out of existence. He could solve it only by 1) slashing all Government spending, includ-

ing defense, until outgo meets income, or 2) getting the ceiling lifted by a special session of Congress. Humphrey's own Treasury began enforcing an "austerity" drive of strict economy, to set other bureaus an example. But Humphrey was convinced that a special session would have to be called.

Actually, the debt ceiling is almost meaningless. Congress has set a ceiling seven separate times in the past 18 years, but has never failed to raise it whenever the Government needed more money (see chart). Economy-minded Senators, well aware that in the same 18 years the ceiling has been lowered only once (at World War II's end), thought that Humphrey's dilemma would make for quicker, bigger cuts in spending. But they also knew, as did Secretary Humphrey, that the ceiling, as a symbol, meant little, that the important thing was the long-range determination of the Administration to reduce the debt itself.

## THE ECONOMY

### Pulse Beats

Boom notes of the week:

¶ The U.S.'s gross national product, total of all goods and services, reached a record annual rate of \$372.4 billion for the second quarter, up \$9.6 billion from the first quarter. Spending for personal consumption also rose, from \$227.7 billion to \$230.4 billion.

¶ Personal income for all Americans in June hit a new record, an annual rate of \$286 billion, up \$15 billion in a year.

¶ Employment in early July reached 63,120,000, a record for the month (but about 50,000 under the June figure).

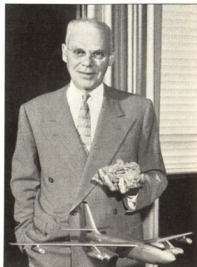
¶ Commerce Department officials were reported ready to revamp their estimates of total 1953 construction from \$33.5 billion to \$34.5 billion.

The economy had a few weak spots as well. Some commodity prices were softening (see below), farm income was still down and used car sales continued in their slump. Steel demand was still ahead of production, but the gap was narrowing in some products. There was a potential danger signal in business inventories, which rose to \$77.3 billion at the end of June, \$4.8 billion higher than a year ago. But there was a balance wheel in the fact that sales were up \$5.3 billion above last June. That left the ratio of sales to inventory unchanged.

## METALS

### The Busy Plumbers

Surveying the wonder world of titanium, most U.S. businessmen have kept their eyes fixed on the sky. The lightweight, heat-resistant metal was obviously just the thing for high-speed, high-flying jet aircraft. But Chicago's Crane Co., No. 1 producer of valves and pipe-fittings, and one of the three biggest U.S. manu-



PRESIDENT HOLLOWAY\*

His eye is on the drain.

facturers of plumbing equipment,† has been looking closer to the ground. From the moment he heard about titanium's resistance to corrosion, Crane's President John L. (for Lindsay) Holloway began thinking of titanium as the ideal material for industrial valves and fittings.

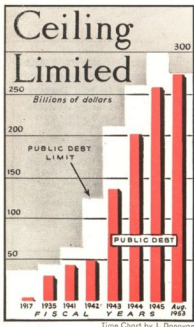
Last week the Defense Materials Procurement Agency gave Crane a contract which will make it the biggest single U.S. producer of titanium, topping both its chief rivals, Du Pont and Titanium Metals Corp. of America. DMPA will advance Crane up to \$24.9 million to build a plant (possible sites: Nashville, Chattanooga) big enough to make 6,000 tons a year, about six times the total U.S. production last year.

Early Bird. Crane's President Holloway started following up his ideas on titanium shortly after Du Pont produced the first small batches of titanium metal in 1948. Then, as now, the best process for getting the metal out of the ore was the Kroll one, which extracts the titanium "sponge" as a clinker by using magnesium to drive it out of a solution. By 1951, Crane's researchers had improved this process to a point where Holloway was willing to gamble \$2,000,000 on a pilot plant in Chicago. The plant worked so well that DMPA says Crane's method is the most advanced technique yet developed. It produces titanium sponge that is packed tighter than any other.

Totting up the balance sheets on titanium, Holloway thinks the wonder metal's future is just beginning. He thinks that titanium now is about where aluminum was when it was selling for \$28 a lb. Titanium now costs \$20 a lb. in sheet-

\* Holding titanium sponge.

† American Radiator & Standard Sanitary is first, and Kohler Co. second.



Time Chart by J. Donovan

## TIME CLOCK

metal form, 50 times as much as aluminum. But Holloway says: "In a few years we should be able to cut that price in half," and eventually get it down to where it could have a wide civilian use. Holloway himself already has begun to use it in small key parts of valves, soon will be making special valves entirely of it. He has sent geologist scouts around the continent hunting deposits of rutile and ilmenite, the chief sources of titanium. They have already staked out some promising claims in Quebec.

**Long-Range Bet.** Canadian-born John Holloway, 55, who joined Crane as an accountant in 1935, inherits a down-to-earth tradition left by Chicago's Richard Teller Crane, who founded the company in 1855. Long after he had made his fortune in fittings and valves, Crane liked to shock Chicago hostesses by booming that he was nothing but a plumber.

But Holloway, who has spent \$45 million on expansion since World War II, is a good deal more than a plumber. Crane, with 13 plants scattered across the U.S., Canada and England, now makes or distributes everything from colored bathroom fixtures, which it was the first (1928) to pioneer, to diffusion valves for atom-bomb plants, from air-conditioning units to radiant heaters. Since Holloway became president in 1946, sales have risen four times over the prewar level to 1951's record \$322.9 million and a \$16 million net after taxes. Last year sales dropped off slightly to \$319 million, and higher break-even costs cut the net to \$9,800,000. But President Holloway is banking on wonder metal titanium as his long-range bet to keep Crane expanding.

### More Deflation

When the Korean war set off a surge of inflation, few commodity prices shot up faster than those of such critical metals as tin, chromium and copper. In the shake-out that started in commodities almost a year ago (TIME, Oct. 20), the overpriced metals began losing some of their altitude. Last week, in the wake of the Korean truce, they were dropping again. Lead and zinc were selling near their June 1950 levels; tin had fallen 35.8% below its February high of \$1.21½ a lb.; chromite ore was down 42.6% to \$56 a ton and still falling.

Another big shakeout came in copper, once one of the most critical shortages. As free trading in copper was resumed on the London Metal Exchange for the first time in almost 14 years, spot copper, which had been artificially pegged by the British government at 31½¢ a lb., nose-dived to 26.3¢ on the first day. Before the week ended, the price was back up to 28¢, but coppermen felt that this was only a short reprieve. Britain has not yet begun to sell copper from its 240,000-ton stockpile, and Chile, which has kept 65,000 tons off the market in fond hopes of getting 36½¢ a lb., now is anxiously ready to

**DESPITE** the Administration's drive for freer trade, the Department of Agriculture has decided that it must ask for a boost in tariffs on wool imports until it can find some way to pare down the 100 million-lb. domestic surplus the Government had to buy under its support program.

**BUILDING** costs are heading downward. Pacific Northwest lumber mills, feeling the pinch of Canadian competition, have cut prices as much as 25% in the past year. In Oregon and Washington, more than 150 lumber mills are so overstocked that they have curtailed operations or closed down entirely.

**DESPITE** the price dip in natural rubber, which has fallen 4¢ a lb. since May to a 3½-year low, tire-makers may not cut their prices. Reason: they expect forthcoming wage hikes will more than offset the savings in raw materials.

**TRADING** stamps, the little stickers good for prizes that merchants gave away with purchases in the '30s, are back again in a big way. Atlanta's Southern Stamp Co., which has signed 500 merchants for its stamp plan, expects to have 1,500 before long. In the Rocky Mountain states, where the craze started up again two years ago, it has already reached such proportions that one Albuquerque supermarket manager complains that he is now "in the stamp business instead of the grocery business."

**ALTHOUGH** a truce has been announced in New England's pipeline battle between Northeastern and Algonquin Gas, Northeastern's boss, H. Gardiner Symonds, may upset it. Symonds had agreed to let Algonquin, stopped by a court injunction, share half the New England market; in return, he expected the Federal Power Commission to give him ac-

cess to the world price. In the U.S., copper futures contracts have already fallen as low as 26¢ a lb. (pre-Korea copper sold at 10¢).

The big price drop in metals will help U.S. manufacturers cut their costs. But it will work a corresponding hardship in the producer nations. In Malaya, where tin is one of the main crops of the economy, 54 tin mines have shut down in the last few months, and more are on the verge of closing. Turkey is also feeling the pinch. For more than two years, Turkey has sold more than two-thirds of its output of chromite (used to harden steel) to the U.S. The dollars it earned have helped to pay for the capital-works program which is lifting Turkey's backward economy by its bootstraps. But with U.S. chromite demands and prices on the downgrade, this source of dollars is drying up.

To help tide Turkey over its exchange shortage, the International Monetary Fund last week broke its rule limiting pur-

chases to Canada at the same time. But the FPC refused, and Symonds is now in no mood to carry out the original agreement until his Canadian market is guaranteed.

**AMERICAN** Palestine Trading Corp., a U.S. concern, is planning to spend \$5,000,000 drilling for oil on a 500,000-acre lease in Israel. The cost will be divided by U.S. and Israeli investors, and the actual drilling will be done by Oklahoma Senator Robert Kerr's Kerr-McGee Oil Industries Inc. of Oklahoma City.

**THE** Federal Power Commission, which under the Democrats capped a 6% ceiling on natural gas companies' earnings, has approved a rate increase giving United Fuel Gas Co. a 6¼% return on its investment.

**IN** any recession, one business sure to boom is road-building, spurred by federal and state aid. As a handy economic anchor to windward, General Motors is buying Cleveland's Euclid Road Machinery Co., one of the biggest U.S. makers of giant earth-movers and other road-building machinery. Price: \$18.3 million.

**OHIO'S** Turnpike Commission, waking up to the fact that trucks will provide two-thirds of its revenue, now plans to spot special parking areas, restaurants and sleeping quarters for trucks along its new 241-mile, \$326-million toll highway.

**U. S. Steel**, which has made pre-fabricated wooden houses (Gunnison) since 1944, now hopes to make a big dent in the U.S. housing market with steel models. At a big, new \$5,500,000 plant near Harrisburg, Pa., Big Steel will soon turn out 4-ft.-wide steel panels with built-in insulation, and other parts that can be used to assemble complete houses, hospital buildings and schools.

chases of any nation's currency in a single year to 25% of that nation's quota. It bought \$20 million worth of Turkish lire, 46.5% of Turkey's quota, in exchange for \$10 million in U.S. dollars, two million British pounds and 18 million West German marks, currencies that Turkey has not been able to earn in trade.

### WALL STREET

#### Installment Plan

Most U.S. businessmen learned long ago that the best way to build business is through big volume on small margins of profit. But New York Stock Exchange members, whose lives revolve about the facts of business in general, missed the point when it came to their own offices. Troubled by higher costs in 1947, they raised their commissions. But in the last three years, volume has shrunk from a daily average of about 2,000,000 shares to less than 1,500,000.

Last week Exchange members, voting



# CRISIS IN COAL

## The Cure Is Drastic But Essential

**I**N the midst of the nation's greatest boom, one major U.S. industry is gravely ill. Coal, once prince of U.S. power, has become a pauper. In the past 30 years, its work force has shrunk from 884,000 to 400,000. One-third of the remaining force is out of work or has gone into other jobs. During the past year more than 130 mines closed down, and in six years annual production of coal has dropped from 630.6 million tons to an estimated 440 million tons this year—less than was produced in 1912.

Such statistics are evidence that coal is losing its market to cheaper, more efficient competitors. Nine years ago, Class I railroads burned up 132 million tons of coal; now, largely dieselized, they take only about 35 million tons a year. Millions of homeowners have switched to oil or gas for heating. Result: last year, for the first time in history, coal was replaced by oil as the No. 1 source of U.S. energy. Coal accounted for a mere 34% of the total (v. 88.4% 50 years ago); oil, on the other hand, produced 39.4%, natural gas 22.5%, and water 4.1%.

Coal has been priced out of its market by: 1) rising freight and materials charges and 2) a never-ending series of wage boosts gained by John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers. Since World War II ended, the miners have won wage and welfare increases totaling \$9.32 a day. Their average daily wage of \$19.67 is the highest in big U.S. industry (auto and steel workers get \$16.80). Even on a short week, their take-home pay stacks up well.

Coal has another basic problem. The industry is mostly made up of companies too small to afford the sort of technological research that enables other industries to cut their costs. Last year, for example, the petroleum industry spent ten times as much for research as the coal industry. In fact, much of the effort to find new uses for coal has come from outsiders. The chemical industry pioneered the extracting of chemicals from coal through hydrogenation (TIME, May 12, 1952); the utility industry worked out methods of getting more heat energy out of a given amount of coal. A few machinery makers spend about one-third as much on improving coal-mining equipment as the entire coal industry spends on research and development.

Coal also faces an ominous new threat in atomic energy, which may some day replace it as a source of electric power. But the U.S. cannot permit the coal industry to die. Next to atomic energy itself, coal is still the greatest reserve source of energy in

the U.S. Despite the 32 billion tons that have been mined, only about 25% of the U.S.'s vast coal resources have been used. Moreover, as the cheaper, more accessible reserves of oil and gas are used up and the best hydroelectric sites are utilized, coal may again be a chief source of energy for the U.S.'s rapidly expanding power demands.

Tough as coal's problems are, they are not insurmountable. High freight costs can be reduced by technology. As long as four years ago, for example, Ohio's Riverlake Belt Conveyor Lines, Inc. was ready to spend \$210 million on a 130-mile overhead conveyor belt to carry coal from Ohio River mines to West Virginia, Ohio and Pennsylvania steel plants, thus cut freight costs in half. But the required state legislation has not yet been passed. Coal can be transported in other ways, e.g., by converting it into electricity near the mine site, by converting it into gas and shipping it by pipeline. Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co. has tested a system for pulverizing coal, mixing it with water and pumping it through pipes in liquefied form.

But in order for coal to help itself, the small mine operators will need to pool their resources to pay for increased research and development. Wage cuts, once the standard answer, provide no solution. As the Northern mine operators' Chief Bargainer Harry Moses says: "[Wage cuts] never solved any of our problems . . . With any moderate reduction in the wage scale, the customer would soon have all the saving, and the oil and gas industries would promptly meet practically all our new prices." A more likely solution: a joint labor-management approach to the whole coal problem. Labor could make its own positive contributions, such as accepting incentive payments geared to productivity.

The Government also can help. Tax law revisions, allowing greater flexibility in writing off wear & tear, would encourage the installation of new equipment. An increase in the annual depletion allowance, now only 10% of the annual gross, would put coal on a more even footing with the oilmen, who are allowed 27½%.

If coal can modernize and cut its costs, it has the chance to regain its former high estate. On the basis of current population trends, even if coal's share of the fuel market slips below 30%, statisticians figure that it should boost its sales, by 1975, to 880 million tons. But that figure will be a dream unless industry, labor and Government get together on a sensible cure for the chronic sick man of U.S. industry.

on a proposal to increase commissions another 15%, turned it down by a vote of 573-532. Instead, the Exchange will try to boost volume through a plan suggested by President Keith Funston, a Wall Street newcomer: a way of selling stock to small investors on the installment plan. Under Funston's plan, a small investor who wants to buy one share of stock may do so by making a small monthly payment (minimum: about \$40) to his broker. The money will be turned over to a bank, which will pool it with funds of other investors, buying the stock and crediting the investor with whatever fraction of a share his payment represents. Funston thinks the plan will appeal to small investors for two reasons: 1) it will enable them to buy stock without first accumulating the whole amount, and 2) it will involve lower commissions than the average 7.5% charges made by investment trusts.

## BUSINESS ABROAD

### Scrambled Steel

When Sir John Morison, 60, a canny Scottish accountant, took over Britain's steel denationalization program four weeks ago, he made it clear that he intended to drive a Scottish bargain. Said he: "Some people seem to think we're going to give the things away . . . We're after a good price, and we're going to get it." In his first sale last week, Bargainer Morison lived up to his word. In a \$5,000,000 deal, he sold two-thirds of the stock of Templeborough Rolling Mills to British Ropes, Ltd. and William Cooke & Co., Ltd., at a higher price (\$20.30 a share) than the government had paid for it originally (\$19.60, in 3½% government bonds).

But Sir John knows that denationalizing a socialized industry is almost as tough a job as unscrambling an egg. Even after selling two-thirds of Templeborough, for instance, the government still owns half of it. Reason: it still owns United Steel Companies, Ltd., owner of the remaining third of Templeborough; since United also owns half of William Cooke, its own third plus its half interest in Cooke's third totals 50%.

**Profits & Risks.** This was just a preview of bigger complications yet to come as Sir John tries to unwind a nationalized, \$840 million network of 80 steel companies. What, for example, was to be done about the Steel Co. of Wales, owner of the Margam Works, Britain's most modern, comprehensive steel plant? Started in 1947, the plant was not completed until almost a year and a half after Steel Co. of Wales was nationalized. It has \$47.6 million in issued capital, but is worth more than \$196 million. The difference is borrowed money, which went into finishing the plant. Sir John plans first to retire the debt, revamp the capital structure. Even after that is done, investors will look twice before buying into the company. Its streamlined plant requires a steady high rate of production in order to show a profit. It would be hit first and hardest by even a small business slump,





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while older plants might cut back operations and still earn money. Thus, investors are apt to be chary of risking money on Margam.

If anybody can find sensible answers for these puzzles, Sir John seems to be the man. Born in Greenock, on Scotland's Firth of Clyde, he "drifted into accountancy," probably because his father was in it. Sir William McLintock, head of Britain's famous Thomson, McLintock firm, soon drafted the "drifter" as his protégé, moved him rapidly up to a partner. During World War II, Morison ran the Ministry of Supply's financial affairs and served on the vital War Damage Commission, which decided how much should be paid to thousands of blitzed British property owners. He was knighted for his work.

**The "City's" Duty.** In a sense, Sir John is now doing the same job for Britain's ex-steel shareholders, bombed out by



Peter Anderson

**SIR JOHN MORISON**  
He drove a Scottish bargain.

the Labor Party's nationalization blitz. He is seeing to it that the former owners of the steel-company properties get the first chance at rebuying them, and, where the bids are fair, sees that they get them.

Sir John's first major challenge will be disposal of what he calls the "Big Seven," some of the biggest British steel firms.\* So much capital will be required to buy their shares that only London's professional traders in the "City" (London's Wall Street) could swing it. Yet he must also guard against the shares' falling into so few hands that cries of "monopoly" might arise. But Sir John is confident that the traders will buy the stock and meet their responsibilities in carrying off the return to free enterprise successfully. Says he: "The City knows it's got to take them. It's on the spot."

\* Colvilles, Dorman Long, Lancashire Steel, Stewarts and Lloyds, United Steel, Whitehead Iron and Steel, and John Summers & Sons.



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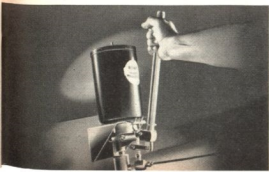
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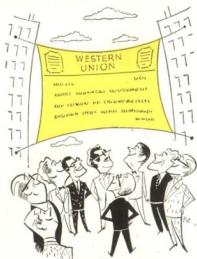
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## A FEATHER FOR CHASE

TO show that banks are not so stuffy as some people think, Manhattan's Chase National Bank for several years has run a series of folksy ads ("Why don't you talk to the people at Chase?"). In one of the ads, Chase chattily likened its investment servicemen to a bunch of "professional nest-egg sitters."

Into Chase's nest last week flew a real bird, as big as a turkey and with the menacing face of a gargoyle. It was an ornithological curiosity from Siam, a rufous-necked hornbill which had escaped from a Manhattan pet shop. It flapped around Wall Street's skyscrapers all day, as clerks and secretaries craned to watch its antics. The bird stopped on Chase's 28th-floor ledge long enough for a *Times* photographer to get there for a closeup, which the *Times* published next morning. In less time than it takes a check to clear, Chase's admen took half-pages in both the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* to reproduce the likeness of their feathered visitor ("Somebody told me to talk to the people at Chase").

Not since the midget sat on J.P. Morgan's lap did a stunt create so much talk in Wall Street. All day Chase was deluged with congratulatory phone calls for its showmanship; United Fruit Co. borrowed the idea for an ad of its own (bananas had been used as bait to recapture the bird). Even the rival National City Bank, where Rufous tarried briefly before his subsequent recapture, put in a call to Chase. Wistfully, National City's Public Relations Vice President Granville S. Carrel observed: "I wish that bird had stayed with us."



"Somebody told me to talk to the people at Chase"

THE CHASE NATIONAL BANK OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. ADVERTISING BY CHASE NATIONAL BANK.

## PERSONNEL

### Changes of the Week

¶ Edward Vernon ("Eddie") Rickenbacker, 62, president of Eastern Air Lines Inc. since 1938, moved up to board chairman in order "to get young men on jobs where they can carry responsibility and to give me more time for policy matters and long-range planning." Eastern's new president is Thomas F. Armstrong, 51, treasurer and secretary since 1938, who joined the airline as an apprentice bookkeeper in 1928. But as chief executive officer, iron-fisted Rickenbacker is still the real boss.

¶ Charles S. Bridges, 50, vice president in charge of sales and advertising of Libby, McNeill & Libby, third largest (after H. J. Heinz Co., California Packing Corp.) U.S. food-canning concern (last year's net sales: \$177 million), succeeded the late Daniel W. Creeden as president and general manager. Bridges came to Libby as a salesman in 1923, rose steadily to become vice president in 1943.

¶ Frank E. Kalbaugh, 52, superintendent of the Southern Pacific Railroad's Salt Lake Division, was named manager of the recently rehabilitated and overhauled Alaska Railroad, the only major road owned and operated by the Interior Department. Longtime Railroader Kalbaugh hopes to pump some life into the Alaska, which runs nearer the Arctic Circle than any other American road, and whose annual deficit (\$585,000 last year) arrives as regularly as the spring thaw. Kalbaugh

joined "So Pac" in 1919 as a clerk in the San Joaquin (Calif.) Division, worked his way up to superintendent of transportation in 1947, took over the Salt Lake Division five years ago.

¶ Edward Muhl, 46, vice president and a general production executive of Universal Pictures Co., Inc., moved into the post of production head, succeeding William Goetz and Leo Spitz, who have run the studio as a team since 1947. Muhl, who landed a job as a secretary to Universal Pictures' late Founder Carl Laemmle 26 years ago, came up through the ranks, working at one time in the business department, later as chief of the legal department. When Goetz & Spitz merged their International Pictures Co. with Universal in 1947, he became vice president and general manager of studio operations, won a reputation as an able cost-cutting producer with an eye for good story material and smart casting. Ailing Executive Spitz plans to retire, but Producer Goetz hopes to start his own studio.

## INSURANCE

### Man with a Mission

On 1,170 acres of rolling Ohio farmland, bulldozers last week completed the grading job for a village of 10,000 inhabitants. Contracts were signed for some nine miles of streets, curbs and sewers, and construction crews were building a pumping station and a million-gallon water tank. Lincoln Village, a \$30 million town planned





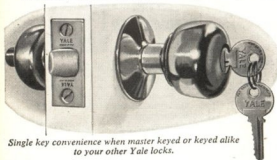
## Do you ever awaken like this at night?

You heard something...you don't know what. You lay there listening. Was it a floor board creaking? A tree branch gently scratching against the window? You wonder; and worry

about the doors, about the locks—about the security of your home.

If you have any reason to doubt your present security arrangement... see your hardware or lumber dealer

—or locksmith. Ask for the extra protection a YALE lock can give. Remember, you protect your peace of mind as well as your home with YALE—the finest name in hardware.



*Single key convenience when master keyed or keyed alike to your other Yale locks.*

The new YALE "Preamsembled" FAIRFIELD design tubular lockset is made especially for today's residential housing. Available in solid brass or in aluminum, this low cost, high quality key-in-the-knob lock features the famed protection of the YALE pin tumbler cylinder, provides a touch of beauty for both interior and exterior doors, as well as extra security for homes.

## YALE & TOWNE

THE YALE & TOWNE MANUFACTURING COMPANY\*

Executive Offices, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y., U. S. A.

### Materials Handling Manufacturing Divisions:

Philadelphia 15, Penn. . . YALE Gas, Electric and Diesel Industrial Trucks, Hoists  
Chicago 20, Illinois . . . . . AUTOMATIC Electric Industrial Trucks

### Locks & Hardware Manufacturing Divisions:

YALE Lock and Hardware Division—plants at Stamford, Conn.; Salem, Va.; Gallatin  
and Lenoir City, Tenn. . . YALE Locks, Door Closers, Builders' Hardware,  
Automotive and other Industrial Locks; Tri-Rotor Pumps; Ordnance Products.  
Berrien Springs, Mich. . . NORTON Door Closers; SAGER and BARROWS Locks

### Powdered Metal Products:

Manufacturing plants at . . . . . Bethel, Conn. and Franklin Park, Ill.

### International Manufacturing Divisions:

St. Catharines, Canada . . YALE Locks, Door Closers; Industrial Trucks, Hoists  
Willenhall, England . . YALE Locks, Builders' Hardware; Industrial Trucks, Hoists  
Velbert, Germany . . YALE Locks, Builders' Hardware; Industrial Trucks, Hoists

\*Trademarks include: YALE, AUTOMATIC, NORTON, SAGER, BARROWS, TRI-ROTOR

THE WORLD LOCKS, LIFTS AND MOVES WITH PRODUCTS OF YALE & TOWNE

*America  
does business on*  
**NEKOOSA  
BOND**

For distinctive appearance, durability and the feel of quality, specify Nekoosa Bond for all of your business stationery. Nekoosa Bond is pre-tested in every stage of production — to give you an all-purpose business paper that looks better and prints better. Comes in your choice of white and eleven other attractive colors. Nekoosa-Edwards Paper Company, Port Edwards, Wisconsin.

**BOND**  
*Nekoosa*  
MADE IN U.S.A.



*it pays to plan with your printer*

from sidewalks to railroad sidings, was being born.

Lincoln Village is the realization of a ten-year-old dream for Murray Lincoln, 61, dedicated mentor of the U.S. cooperative movement and longtime (1920-48) boss of the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation, sixth biggest U.S. farm cooperative. Lincoln is going into housing as zealously as he first sold Ohio's individualistic farmers on the co-op movement and, later, on founding a variety of noncooperative corporations originally backed by co-op money. Today he is the \$75,000-a-year president of the Farm Bureau Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. and eight subsidiary companies, including Peoples Development Co., which is building Lincoln Village. Their total assets: \$133,510,000.

**A Way of Life.** For Murray Lincoln, cooperatives represent a way of life as well as a way of doing business. He sees



Mrs. Lindquist

MURRAY LINCOLN & MODEL HOUSE  
For self-help, a helping hand.

the co-ops as an answer to Communism in Europe and Asia, and as a balance wheel against unfettered private enterprise in the U.S.

Born on a farm at Raynham, Mass., Lincoln has always tried to do what he thought was good for the farmer. After graduating from the Massachusetts Agricultural College in 1916, he became Connecticut's first county agricultural agent, later took a job in Ohio as a bank agricultural agent; in 1920 the group of local and county farm cooperatives which had banded together the previous year as the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation asked Lincoln to become its executive secretary. He expanded the federation to 59,313 members with 230 co-op service stores, where the farmers bought \$36 million worth of goods a year at reduced prices, and with a marketing co-op which sold \$19 million in members' products a year.

**On Borrowed Capital.** The co-op members complained that they had to pay auto-insurance rates as high as those of city drivers, although they did most of

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**WE GUARANTEE YOU CAN  
FEEL 5° COOLER  
THIS SUMMER**



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

**YES...** this summer you can actually feel degrees cooler, even on hottest, muggiest days. We guarantee it... as you'll see below. Just "ventilate" your body-surface with this wonderful new kind of after-shower powder. It helps carry away body heat. Besides, it's so smooth-soft (much smoother than any other men's powder we know of); friction from clothing is reduced like magic... and, presto, you're cooler! One man says, "You don't feel your clothes at all, it's like being in a bathing suit all day". So... here's our guarantee: On the next hot, muggy day, use Courtley Body Powder; if you don't think it cools you, more than a 5° drop in temperature would do, send us the bottle-cap and we'll refund your complete purchase price at once. Only \$1, in a handy, handsome squeeze bottle... at drug and department stores. Courtley, 113 W. 18 St., New York 11, N.Y.

*Courtley*

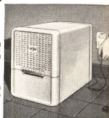
BODY POWDER

COOLING • DEODORANT • ANTISEPTIC

Drive out  
**Basement  
dampness**

— with the  
amazing  
**FRIGIDAIRE  
ELECTRIC  
DEHUMIDIFIER**

18½" high — 20½"  
long — 11¾" wide



**Positively controls moisture** in linen closets, basements, storerooms, banks vaults, workshops, or any closed area up to 10,000 cu. ft. where moisture is a problem.

Quiet fan circulates air over refrigerated coil. Moisture is condensed and collected in container. May be connected to drain. Dry, filtered air is discharged into room.



**See your Frigidaire Dealer** for further details. Or write for free folder to Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dept. 2124, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada, Toronto 13, Ontario.

Enjoy Arthur Godfrey's daytime show on TV or radio

Built and backed by General Motors

their driving on safer country roads. So, with \$10,000 borrowed from the federation and pledges from members for 1,000 policies, Lincoln started a mutual auto-insurance company as a private enterprise. It was a success from the start, and later began selling policies to city people, too. It now operates in 13 states and the District of Columbia, ranks fourth among all U.S. auto insurers, second among mutuals. As chief lure are rates averaging about 20% under those of companies affiliated with the National Bureau of Casualty Underwriters. Lincoln added a mutual fire-insurance company in 1934, a life-insurance company in 1936. The three companies now have 2,345,170 policies in force, of which 28% are held in cities of more than 50,000.

**No Secluded Suburbia.** Although Lincoln resigned from the Farm Bureau co-op after the war, he did not stop expanding. He added a radio broadcasting company, an auto loan company, a mutual investment fund. He got into housing in 1947, when he started Peoples Development Co. to build 34 homes in housing-short Bellevue, Ohio at the request of the National Machinery Cooperative. To finance home loans at Lincoln Village, he started Peoples Mortgage Co.

The new community will be no secluded suburbia. It is located two miles west of Columbus, between U.S. Highway 40 and the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. General Motors already has a plant there, and Westinghouse is building one. The village will be built around a 20-acre civic center, with a school, library, churches, playground and wooded park. It will have apartment buildings, single homes priced from \$9,000 to \$16,000, and a shopping center. Before the town is completed (target date: 1959), Lincoln hopes to see other communities like it springing up all over the country.

## GOODS & SERVICES

### New Ideas

**Electronic Drill.** A new die sinking and drilling machine, which uses one of the softest metals (copper) as the cutting tool for some of the hardest (tungsten and titanium carbide), is being built by the Elox Corp., Clawson, Mich. The copper, acting as an electrode, can drill a hole one-tenth of an inch in diameter through 40 inches of steel. Expected price: \$7,500.

**Good Listener.** First tape recorder to permit automatic and unattended sound recording for as long as 48 hours was put on sale for civilian use (by railroads, airlines, etc.) by SoundScriber Corp. In use by the Navy for one year, the machine can record two sets of messages simultaneously on the same tape, indicating the exact time each message is received. Price: \$1,395 and \$29 for each tape reel.

**Trailer Kit.** Chris-Craft Corp., which sells kits for building boats, announced a new build-it-yourself kit for constructing a house trailer. The trailer has aluminum outer walls, wooden frame, floor and paneling, is 14 ft. long and can sleep three. Price: \$549, without tires and furniture.



### MUTUAL FUNDS

## Investors MUTUAL, INC.

An open-end management type mutual fund diversifying its investments among common stocks, preferred stocks and bonds.

## Investors SELECTIVE FUND, INC.

An open-end management type mutual fund diversifying its investments among bonds, preferred stocks, and other senior securities.

## Investors STOCK FUND, INC.

An open-end management type mutual fund diversifying its investments among common stocks and other equity securities.

### FACE AMOUNT CERTIFICATE COMPANY

## Investors SYNDICATE of AMERICA, INC.

A face amount certificate company issuing installment certificates of 6, 10, 15 and 20 year maturities and single payment face amount certificates.

\* \* \*

This is not an offer to sell these securities. They are subject to the registration and prospectus requirements of the Federal Securities Act. Information about the issuer, the securities and the circumstances of the offering is contained in the prospectus which must be given to the buyer.

Copies of the prospectus relating to the shares of capital stock or certificates of the above companies may be obtained from the national distributor and investment manager:

## Investors Diversified Services, Inc.

208 Roanoke Building

Minneapolis 2, Minnesota

Please send me the prospectus relating to the company I have checked:

☐ Investors Mutual, Inc.

☐ Investors Stock Fund, Inc.

☐ Investors Selective Fund, Inc.

☐ Investors Syndicate of America, Inc.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....







When it's **HOT**—YORK COOLS!

When it's **CHILLY**—YORK HEATS!

ONE  
FULL  
TURN  
OF THE  
KNOB  
DOES IT!

#### HERE'S HOW YOU'LL ENJOY IT . . . FOR YEARS TO COME!

In hot **SUMMER** you will be comfortable, because York cools without chilling! In brisk **FALL AND SPRING** you will be comfortable, because York heats or cools at the turn of your wrist! In chilly **WINTER** have the added comfort of ventilation with clean, tempered air.

**YORK** AIR CONDITIONING AND REFRIGERATION  
HEADQUARTERS FOR MECHANICAL COOLING SINCE 1885

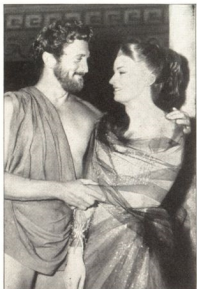


# CINEMA

## Just Like the Movies

On two continents, movie news—like the movies themselves—ranged from the spectacular to the curious to the affecting. Items:

¶ In and around Rome, work was going forward on a production by a new screen writer: Homer. With assists from such upstart scenarists as Ben Hecht and Irwin Shaw, Homer's *Odyssey* was being filmed in plaster caves and palaces and on board a Greek galley (thoughtfully pro-



KIRK DOUGLAS & SILVANA MANGANO  
Homer had some help.

vided with an engine as well as 100 oarsmen). The stars: Kirk Douglas as a bearded Ulysses, and lush Silvana Mangano as both Circe and Penelope.

¶ In Chicago, the annual convention of the National Audio-Visual Association claimed that more people are going to movies than ever before. But what they are seeing are not the big Hollywood productions, but 16-mm. industrial, educational and religious films. In the past 17 years the number of 16-mm. projectors has grown from 1,000 to 450,000.

¶ In Rochester, N.Y., the enterprising Lake Shore Drive-In theater urged auto-less customers to come out by bus, promised: "When you get here, we'll place you in one of our 50 cars parked inside the drive-in theater."

¶ In Manhattan, the tradesheet *Variety* listed the top-grossing pictures for last month, in order, *The Charge at Feather River* (Warner); *Beast from 20,000 Fathoms* (Warner); *Shane* (Paramount); *This Is Cinema* (Cinema Productions); *Dangerous When Wet* (M-G-M).

¶ In Texas, *The Moon Is Blue*, though blackballed by the Legion of Decency and lacking the Production Code approval, was outgrossing the Oscar-winning

western box-office smash, *High Noon*, in both Fort Worth and Dallas.

¶ In Hollywood, production on the life story of the onetime child actor, Jackie (*The Kid*) Coogan, was halted by a letter. Written by a lawyer for Charles Chaplin Sr., the letter protested the plan to have Charles Chaplin Jr. impersonate his famous father in the Coogan film. Warned the attorney: "Mr. Chaplin has not consented, and refuses to consent, to being impersonated in this manner."

¶ Another Chaplin ex-protégée, 33-year-old Joan Berry, who won a 1946 paternity suit against the comedian, was admitted to Patton State Hospital (for the mentally ill) after she was found walking the streets barefoot, carrying a pair of baby sandals and a child's ring, and murmuring: "This is magic."

## The Tax Stays

Movie-theater owners, hard hit by TV, were jubilant last month when a bill to abolish the 20% federal tax on movie tickets sailed through the House in only two hours of debate, took only 45 minutes in the Senate. By last week the same men were apprehensive. Treasury Secretary George Humphrey disapproved of the bill, and into his office trooped a covey of hand-wringing moviemens to urge him to change his mind. While such potent Hollywood brass as Paramount's Barney Balaban, 20th Century-Fox's Spyros Skouras and Columbia's Jack Cohn were in mid-argument, the Secretary's phone rang. Humphrey answered it. Then he told the distinguished lobbyists that the President had just issued a memorandum of disapproval. He was killing the tax-relief bill by a pocket veto.\*

In his message, the President noted that the price of tickets to the public would have remained the same even if the tax had been repealed. He based his veto on two points: 1) "We cannot afford the loss of revenue involved" (an estimated \$200 million), and 2) "It is unfair to single out one industry for relief at this time." But the President did soothe the theater owners' heartburn. Agreeing that the tax is "not a good one," he promised to ask Congress to repeal it "early in 1954."

## The New Pictures

1, *The Jury* (United Artists), the whodunit by Mickey Spillane which has sold 3,500,000 copies in soft covers and put sadism within reach of the average pocketbook, has now been made into a movie which should reassure all readers who think that Spillane's brutal yarns are just a bloody bore. The film, the first to be made of a Spillane work, is so triumphant-

\* Every bill must be signed by the President within ten days (not counting Sundays) of the time it is delivered to him. If Congress is in session, bills not signed within ten days become law. If Congress has adjourned, as is now the case, unsigned bills are automatically vetoed—the so-called pocket veto.

ly bad as to foster the hope that it may be the last.

Mike Hammer, Spillane's kill-crazy shamus, is portrayed by a young heavy from TV named "Biff" Elliot. "I'll kick your teeth all over the floor," he snarls at one point. When the teeth splash, they splash into the audience's lap, because 1, *the Jury* is made in 3-D.

The film follows the book as closely as the censor would allow. A friend of Mike's is murdered, and the beer-swilling private eye goes barreling off in all directions after the killer. After 90 minutes of mashing the ladies and bashing the men, Mike ends up in the arms of the most gorgeous



PEGGIE CASTLE & BIFF ELLIOTT  
The dame had it coming.

psychoanalyst (Peggie Castle) who ever used a couch after office hours.

"Go on, Mike," she murmurs, toying with the buttons of her blouse. "Ride your imagination. Get it all out . . ." She lifts her lips to his. Gently he squeezes the trigger and blows a hole in her belly (the dame had it coming to her). "Then she went down like soft rope," says Mike as the film ends, "and there was only one thing left to do. Order a basket."

*Dream Wife* (M-G-M) is a merry little barbecue of Adam's Rib. When the lights go down, Cary Grant comes up looking shy, eligible and enormously wealthy as a big U.S. importer who has dropped in on a Middle Eastern oil kingdom to make a dicker of some vague sort. While at the Bukistanian court, Importer Grant spots an item he would love to pay duty on: the Khan's sexy daughter, Princess Tarji (Beta St. John).

The Princess: The Khan informs Grant, "has been taught from birth the greatest art known to woman—how to make a man happy. Every secret and every skill of 5,000 years have been imparted to her every day and every night of her life." Grant gulps, but remembers that he is

ANOTHER REASON FOR ADVERTISING IN



## TIME grows with America's fastest growing markets

**R**IGHT NOW companies all over the country are making up their new advertising schedules—trying to decide which U. S. magazines can best build sales and reputations for them in the months to come.

They gauge each magazine's future vitality by its past performance—and (*an even more important index*) by the kind of readers it attracts.

There are no maybe's about where TIME is going. It has been increasingly successful for more than thirty years. It has just announced for 1954 its highest circulation base ever—1,800,000 families. But the most significant fact is this: TIME's growth *potential* is greatest among the groups throughout the country which are themselves growing fastest.

**The number of management men** is growing. Modern business has grown tremendously during and since the war—grown in both size and complexity. More and more men are needed to manage America's businesses—and all the companies we talk to say that this is a trend which will continue. TIME is read faithfully by these decision-makers of business—by top management, by department heads, financial experts, scientists, engineers—and by executives all the way down the line.

**The college-educated** population is growing. And every year TIME attracts more readers from this expanding educated group, both undergraduates and those who have

gone on from college to leading positions in business and the professions. In fact, TIME has a higher percentage of readers who have attended college than has any other major magazine.

**The suburban market** is growing. The recent movement of better-off families away from the big cities has meant great new suburban shopping centers, new home building, new purchasing—a whole new way of life for a great and growing market of American families. And TIME has moved and grown right along with them: our circulation since 1946 has increased a whopping 38% in all suburban areas around American cities.

So here are three reasons why advertisers are putting their money on TIME. These three important markets from which TIME draws its readers actually form one great market of educated, successful people—and for such people TIME is a valued member of the family.

*TIME is the one magazine they read most attentively, talk about and argue with and quote from. They say repeatedly that they could not do without TIME—that TIME is their first choice of all the magazines they read.*

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

# TIME

## The Weekly Newsmagazine

YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE CAN  
TELL YOU NOW WHEN YOU  
WILL SEE THE MOST WIDELY  
DISCUSSED FILM OF 1953!

Louis de Rochemont presents

**Martin Luther**

A FINE MOVIE ABOUT MARTIN LUTHER  
proves a hit with general public...

LIFE MAGAZINE

"An exceptional drama... powerful and  
uncompromising. It has the fourth  
dimension of interest!"

HUBERT ROUSSEL  
HOUSTON POST

'Martin Luther' Film  
Popularity Mushrooms

New York—A...

GEORGE W. CORNELL,  
ASSOCIATED PRESS

'It Was Wonderful'  
First Film He's Seen in  
8 Years—'Martin Luther'

FRONT PAGE OF THE  
HOUSTON PRESS

"One of the surprise  
screen products of the year!"

JACK GAVER, UNITED PRESS

VARIETY

MARTIN LUTHER 'BIGGEST  
B.O. BOFF IN'

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE  
MONITOR



A Magnificent  
Motion Picture  
For Our Time!

We will gladly mail you "They Said It  
Couldn't Be Done"—an illustrated story about  
the Martin Luther Film. Louis de Rochemont  
Associates, 35 W. 45th St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

## CONVENIENCE

Located in the heart of the Grand Central  
area. Close to theatres, shops, offices and  
transportation. All restaurants and many  
guest rooms are pleasantly air-conditioned.  
Dine and dance in the famous Roosevelt Grill



**Hotel Roosevelt**

45th Street & Madison Avenue • NEW YORK  
A HILTON HOTEL • Frank G. Wengeman, Gen. Mgr.

## Mothersills

The fast-acting  
aid in preventing  
and relieving  
Travel Sickness.

for Adults & Children

THE WORLD OVER



DEBORAH KERR, BETTA ST. JOHN & CARY GRANT  
The career girl pulled out aplomb.

about to be married to another beautiful  
girl (Deborah Kerr), a brainy careerist in  
the U.S. State Department.

He flies back home—and lands hard in  
the middle of the war between the sexes.  
Career Girl Deborah greets him abstractedly.  
"The oil situation," she explains, "is  
a little tense right now." Then, brooding  
over the state of the world, she tells him:  
"Darling, I think we should postpone the  
wedding . . . We can wait; the Middle  
East can't."

Next day, remembering the Princess  
and what her father said, Grant cables a  
proposal of marriage. Three weeks later  
he gets his answer—a flock of goats is  
deposited in his office. Explains Deborah:  
"It's your dowry."

From there out, poor Grant discovers  
that getting a dream wife can be some-  
thing of a nightmare, especially if a big  
international oil deal is riding on the bride's  
bouquet. The Princess arrives with 6 ft.  
6½ in. Buddy Baer as a chaperon, and  
Grant is informed that, by Bukianian  
custom, he cannot even kiss her until they  
are married. When he tries to sneak into  
her bedroom "just for a chat," he creates  
an international incident. Worst of all, his  
old flame Deborah, assigned by the State  
Department as official interpreter between  
Grant and the Princess, puts the burn on  
him at precisely the tenderest moments.

In the end, Grant begins to long for  
the good old comfortable days when a  
man knew exactly where he stood—under  
a woman's thumb. Meanwhile, Deborah  
has tucked in her thumb and pulled out  
aplomb enough to win him back.

## Also Showing

**White Witch Doctor** (20th Century-  
Fox), based on the 1950 novel, pits Mis-  
sionary Nurse Susan Hayward against  
African tarantulas, black-magic practition-  
ers and warlike natives. Without any  
noticeable change from her recent

performances as Jane Froman and Mrs.  
Andrew Jackson, Susan manages to remain  
gracious, composed and well-groomed as  
she triumphs over all obstacles to bring  
hygiene to the jungle. Robert Mitchum  
plays an intrepid hunter who gives her a  
helping hand, but the best acting in the  
film is done by an actor named Charles  
Gomora, who plays a gorilla.

## CURRENT & CHOICE

**From Hero to Eternity.** James Jones's  
wild (and sometimes woolly) novel about  
life in the peacetime Army, compressed  
into a tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug.  
10).

**The Master of Ballantrae.** Errol Flynn  
as the "wicked, wicked lad" in a rousing  
movie version of Robert Louis Steven-  
son's tale of the Scottish wars (TIME,  
Aug. 3).

**The Sea Around Us.** Rachel Carson's  
1951 bestseller brought to the screen in  
beautiful Technicolor scenes of undersea  
life (TIME, July 20).

**The Moon Is Blue.** A nice little com-  
edy that uses some naughty words (TIME,  
July 6).

**The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T.** A wacky,  
freshly told fantasy about a small boy  
who hates piano teachers (TIME, June 22).

**Julius Caesar.** Hollywood's best Shake-  
speare to date; with Marlon Brando, James  
Mason, John Gielgud (TIME, June 1).

**Strange Deception.** An allegorical man-  
hunt with a postwar Italian setting, pow-  
erfully filmed by Novelist Curzio (*The  
Skin*) Malaparte (TIME, June 1).

**Stalag 17.** Director Billy Wilder's row-  
dily entertaining adaptation of the Broad-  
way comedy-melodrama about a Nazi  
prison camp; with William Holden (TIME,  
May 18).

**Shane.** A high-styled horse opera,  
strikingly directed by George Stevens;  
with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur  
(TIME, April 13).





***The partnership that starts with a "piggy-back" ride!***

You as a car owner and the trucking industry share a partnership of many things and in many ways. It starts for most cars with a "piggy-back" ride on a car transport truck. What this means to you is that your new car arrives at your dealer's showroom virtually "untouched by human hands." This partnership of car and truck con-

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## BOOKS

### Fellow Traveler

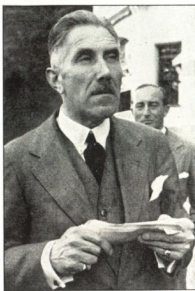
MEMOIRS (634 pp.)—Franz von Papen  
—Dutton (\$6.50).

A dapper, white-haired aristocrat whose socks always matched his ties, he looked like a slick silver fox. Americans knew him for years from the headlines as a practitioner of duplicity, not diplomacy. One of the nimblest side-changers since Talleyrand, Franz von Papen managed to serve the Kaiser, the Weimar Republic and the Nazis, and to save his neck through two world wars, countless purges, and the Nürnberg war-crimes trials. His *Memoirs* are a long apologia to prove that he lived "in the service of God and my country." That gives the old (73) intriguer a lot of explaining to do. In his effort to show that he was a knight and not a knave, he gives the impression of having been as much a fool as a fox.

**The Spy.** A proud twig on a 500-year-old family tree, Von Papen sprouted right into the German general staff, and in 1913, at 34, went to Washington as a military attaché with blessings from the Kaiser himself. When war broke out, the charming young captain became a spy and displayed a monumental ineptitude for that exacting profession until he was declared *persona non grata* in the U.S. He hired saboteurs\* he did not know and repeatedly cabled in the clear the name of at least one fellow spy (who was caught). Sent to the Middle East, where the Allies were fighting the Turks, Lieut. Colonel von Papen took such amateurish security measures that scores of incriminating documents fell into British hands. As a result, London supposedly issued instructions: "If Von Papen is captured, release him; he is of more value to us free."

When World War I ended, Von Papen slipped out of the army and into politics. He was a member of the Catholic Center Party and sat in the Prussian State Parliament for eleven relatively obscure years. Then General Kurt von Schleicher, the power behind President von Hindenburg, picked Von Papen to be Chancellor of Germany. The government's task, as Chancellor von Papen saw it in 1932, was "to tame the Nazis by involving them in the responsibilities of government." Like liberals who became fellow travelers of the Communists to fight fascism, Von Papen became a fellow traveler of the fascists to fight Communism. Instead of "taming" the Nazis, the Von Papen government legalized the Storm Troopers.

**The Politician.** Nonetheless, the Nazis promptly forced Von Papen out of power, but 2½ months later he was back, a Vice



Alfred Eisenstaedt—*Pix*  
CHANCELLOR VON PAPEN (1932)  
Why did he go along?

Chancellor under a new boss—Adolf Hitler. Von Papen helped to give the new regime of bloody, beer-hall brawlers an air of diplomatic respectability, and Hitler appreciated the service. Years later, the Führer told his benefactor: "Herr von Papen, you proved yourself to be a great German."

Why did Von Papen go along with Hitler if, as he claims, he did not really agree with him? Suggesting the highly unlikely role of a tail-coated, top-hatted Trilby to Hitler's ranting Svengali, Von Papen pleads that he was a "victim" of the Führer's magnetic personality. When



NOVELIST PETRY  
What was in the bundle?

Svengali-Hitler cooed, "We must never part until our work is accomplished," Trilby-Papen was "happy to agree."

**The Ambassador.** In 1934, bravely suppressing a twinge of suspicion, Von Papen agreed to be Hitler's Minister to Vienna. There he tried to conquer Austria for the Nazis "peacefully," by organized sabotage and propaganda. After four years, Hitler stopped Von Papen's slow choke with the velvet glove and swung his iron fist. Although he says Hitler had promised him not to use force in Austria, Von Papen shared the "general intoxication" of the *Anschluss* and was awarded the Gold Medal of the Nazi Party for his efforts.

In 1939, "against my will," he became Ambassador to Ankara, hoping "to do what I could to avert" a general war. Four months later, Hitler pressed the plunger for World War II. He "grossly misled me again," complains Von Papen. But he stayed at his post anyway "to limit the conflict," i.e., to keep the Turks from fighting on the side of the Allies. Eventually, Turkey broke diplomatic relations with Germany, and Von Papen returned to the Reich after the German officers' plot on Hitler's life had failed. He claims that he "fully expected to be arrested by the Gestapo," but Von Papen had done nothing to deserve such a fate, and was scarcely the man to walk open-eyed to his doom. When he got home, Hitler handed him another medal: the Knight's Cross of the Military Order of Merit.

At war's end, Von Papen was arrested and tried at Nürnberg on charges of having conspired to wage war. He was acquitted, but the British prosecutor, Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, told him: "You had seen your own friends, your own servants, murdered around you . . . made you take one job after another from the Nazis was that you sympathized with their work."

Franz von Papen's autobiography does little to change that appraisal.

### Color in Connecticut

THE NARROWS (428 pp.)—Ann Petry  
—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.95).

The cops caught up with the speeding, old-fashioned Rolls-Royce and brought the woman driver to a stop. What, one of the officers asked, was that bundle on the floor? The answer: "Old clothes for the Salvation Army." But the bundle actually contained the body of Lincoln Williams, handsome Negro bartender of the Last Chance Saloon, punctured by two .45 slugs fired at close range. The lady in the car—and she obviously was a lady—was Mrs. Treadway, the richest woman in town. Captain Sheffield, respectable broker and her son-in-law, sat beside her.

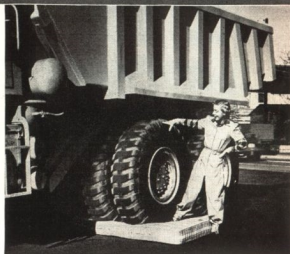
So ends the life story of Link Williams, hero of *The Narrows*, by Ann Petry. It is a story of black and white, love and violence. One of the remarkable things about it is its setting: not the conventional smoldering South, nor the familiar, raw Northern city slum (which Author Petry

\* Von Papen has been widely suspected of organizing the 1916 munitions explosion at the Black Tom pier in Jersey City, N.J., and the 1917 explosion that wrecked the Canadian Car & Foundry plant at Kingsland, N.J. In 1939, a Mixed Claims Commission found Germany guilty of both blasts, but Von Papen still denies responsibility.

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## Is Bonded Bourbon Really Too Strong?

by  
**J. P. Van Winkle**  
President

Stitzel-Weller Distillery  
Louisville, Kentucky  
Established 1849



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4. If you prefer a lower proof, be your own "rectifier" as you mix your bonded drink. Simply short your measuring jigger by a few drops, or add the extra water yourself to make your drink  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch taller, or let the ice melt 2 minutes longer. You wind up with the desired proof in your glass, but with a lot more flavor.

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well described in *The Street*, 1946), but the wind-blown Connecticut town of Monmouth, where dark, violent deeds are hard to imagine and slums are small enough to be swept under the carpet. Born and raised in Old Saybrook, Conn., Negro Author Ann Petry has the background to make her story fresh and credible. Apart from a deplorable tendency toward short flights of bogus impressionist prose, she also has the easy writing ability to tell a warm, readable story.

Link's story is simple enough. He was an orphan from The Narrows, the Negro slum of Monmouth, down by the river. He had been brought up by Aunt Abbie Crunch, a former schoolteacher and a lady of almost painful rectitude. But Bill Hod had been an even greater influence than Abbie. Hod was the Negro owner of the Last Chance, a cold-blooded, iron-fisted racketeer who paid Link's way through college and wised him up to life. The trouble began when Camilo, Mrs. Treadway's daughter, met Link down at the docks one foggy night. He was handsome and intelligent. Camilo was bored and unhappily married to dull Captain Sheffield.

What started out as a forbidden idyll headed quickly toward disaster. Link had his pride, did not want to be simply a kept lover. When he tried to break with Camilo, she called him a nigger and cried rape. While the whole town was talking and racial tension was at its worst, Link was abducted to the Treadway home. There Camilo's husband shot him dead.

If that were all, *The Narrows* would be merely the retelling of a sordid tabloid standby. But Author Petry, serious as she is about her seriously told plot, almost lets it take second place to other and better things: Negro life in broken-down Dumble Street, Aunt Abbie's sturdy effort to clothe her existence in dignity. Best of all is the rich parallel story of little Malcolm Powther, the dignified Treadway butler, and his blowsy, handsome, blues-singing, two-timing wife. Link and Camilo have a fictional survival period of one publishing season at best. Had Author Petry stuck strictly to Malcolm and Mamie Powther, *The Narrows* would be remembered far longer.

## Sl sleuthmanship

FABIAN OF THE YARD (208 pp.)—Robert Fabian—British Book Centre (\$2.75).

"It was 6 a.m., a damp October day, and Miss Dagmar Peters trembled with cold. She was planning to hitch-hike to London, thirty miles distant . . . Six hours later a police-surgeon was examining a ridged blue death-bruise around her throat. She lay spread-eagled among dark shrubbery verging the A20 high road between Maidstone and London. 'Strangled,' said the surgeon."

The corpse of Dagmar Peters was the only clue Scotland Yard's Inspector Robert Fabian had when he arrived on the scene. The man whom the British press calls "the greatest detective in the world" may have been temporarily stymied, but he was not permanently stumped. In this



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and the 30 other cases he re-enacts in *Fabian of the Yard*, the inspector relies mostly on elementary, patient common sense and laboratory work, but he flashes enough intuitive genius to hold his own with the best of the fictional homicide squad—Holmes, Maigret, Philo Vance and Nero Wolfe.

**The Jury Did Not Believe.** With Dagmar's corpse on his hands, Fabian looked around the roadside for signs of a struggle. Finding none, he reasoned that the body had been dumped from a car. The Yard's pathologist bore him out. "She had been seated upright . . . after she died," he said. "Seated in a motor car?" asked Fabian. "Something less upholstered," the doctor suggested. Out went Fabian's order: check all trucks that used the road between 5 a.m. and 8 a.m.

The check proved futile, but Fabian's guess about trucks turned out to be right



INSPECTOR FABIAN AT WORK  
Elementary, my dear Holmes.

anyway. When the dead woman's handbag was fished out of a lake far off the A20 road, Fabian traced the course of the bag up an old millstream to a cider works near the road. There he found a pile of newly delivered bricks. On a hunch, he asked for the truckman who had delivered them. The man gave a false name, but Fabian pried loose his real one and a criminal confessed: "Harold Hagger—16 convictions, including assault on a woman." Hagger blustered that Dagmar Peters had tried to rob him, but "the jury did not believe him, and he was hanged at Wandsworth Prison."

**Under the Instep, No Count.** Frequently, Fabian made flimsy clues pay big detection dividends. He once flushed a bogus count bent on marrying a U.S. heiress by noting that his shoes had not been polished under the instep, as they would have had the "count" stayed in swank hotels. Another time Fabian solved a jewel-shop robbery largely because it had been observed that the thief wore a tropical suit and, as he left the scene, cursed a bystander in Arabic. After ferreting out further details from jew-

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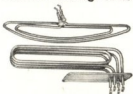
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el fences, Fabian nabbed a discharged member of the Palestine police force.

A few criminals won Fabian's grudging respect. For physical agility and courage, he feels few can surpass Robert Delaney, the first of the "cat burglars," who rifled jewelry from the bedrooms of Park Lane mansions while their owners were downstairs at dinner. Two men died trying to imitate him. One impaled himself on a spiked railing, and the other fell 40 feet with \$32,000 in jewels in his pocket and grimly crawled two miles before dying. Having brought off six jewelry hauls worth some \$120,000, Delaney was bagged in his own flat with most of the swag.

After a 28-year stint, Detective Fabian left the Yard in 1949 with some 40 commendations, including the King's Medal for defusing an Irish Republican Army bomb in Piccadilly. Nowadays, he keeps busier than ever as a crime feature writer for the *Kensley* newspapers. Looking back over his career, Fabian concludes that most crooks are not too bright. But one, he admits, outwitted him. This was the fellow who squeezed into an eight-inch-wide opening between the back of the kennels and the outside wall at London's White City dog track; he stayed there nearly twelve hours and doped all but one dog in a race, enabling a gambling syndicate to make a \$300,000 killing at 5½ to 1 odds. He got clean away. Only one notorious crook, known as "London Johnny," was slim and steely enough to pull the job, says Fabian, but there was no evidence. To this day Fabian and London Johnny exchange an ironic, almost comradely salute when they meet in bars.

## RECENT & READABLE

**London Calling North Pole**, by H. J. Giskes. A German World War II counter-spy tells how he managed to fool the British secret service (*TIME*, Aug. 10).

**Stories in the Modern Manner**. A soft-cover collection of 14 hard-shelled short stories, by such highbrow authors as Alberto Moravia and Marcel Aymé. Good, and reasonably clean, fun (*TIME*, Aug. 10).

**Torment**, by Pérez Galdós. A Spanish classic, by a novelist who has been called Spain's Balzac; published in the U.S. for the first time (*TIME*, Aug. 3).

**I Was a Captive in Korea**, by Philip Deane. A war correspondent's vivid account of 33 months of Communist imprisonment (*TIME*, July 27).

**Satan in the Suburbs**, by Bertrand Russell. Sardonic stories by an aging philosopher turned fictioneer (*TIME*, July 20).

**White Hunter, Black Heart**, by Peter Viertel. A green-hills-of-Africa novel by a Hollywood scriptwriter turned to philosophizing (*TIME*, July 20).

**The Bridges at Toko-ri**, by James A. Michener. A short novel about a carrier pilot who found out why he was fighting in Korea (*TIME*, July 13).

**The Conservative Mind**, by Russell Kirk. A sympathetic survey of the philosophy which underlies the conservative position, from Edmund Burke and John Adams to the present (*TIME*, July 6).

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## MISCELLANY

**Bull's Eye.** In Denver, an Indian arrested for drunkenness told police his age—36—and his name—John Nelson Never Miss A Shot.

**Slim Chance.** In Manchester, England, after Mrs. Maude Mitchell produced photographs to show how her husband's alleged cruelty had caused her to lose 28 pounds in two years, the judge remarked that the loss of weight had enhanced her appearance, denied her separation plea.

**Habitues.** In Toledo, after spending almost five hours in Sam's Café before it closed for the night, Ford G. Belcher and two friends broke into the tavern half an hour later, told police when arrested: "We give Sam all our business."

**Bad Loser.** In Kansas City, Mo., accepting Donald Reikard's invitation to play poker, John Wright lost \$2.50, pressed a knife against Reikard's throat and took the \$2.50 back, later explained to police: "I decided I had been cheated."

**Provocation.** In Hartford, Conn., fined \$50 and costs for hitting John H. Williams with an iron pipe, Chef Charles Kokinos of the Starlite Restaurant explained: "He only ordered a cup of coffee. He wasn't spending enough money."

**It Takes a Thief . . .** In Alexandria, Va., after stealing \$430 from a parked truck, Horace C. Turner was pursued and captured by the truck's owner and several bystanders, admitted his guilt, but suddenly discovered that one of the bystanders had made off with the loot.

**Tape Worm.** In Milwaukee, Mrs. Helen Dettlaff, suing for divorce, testified that her husband Aloysius always made her explain where she had spent her day, tape-recorded her answers in order to check them for discrepancies.

**Jail Bait.** In Fairfield, Iowa, Mrs. Effie Fisher, offered the choice of a \$50 fine or 15 days in jail for shooting a squirrel in her back yard, packed her suitcase, told reporters: "I hear they have rats in the jail. I wonder if they'll let me take my rifle with me."

**False Security.** In Providence, R.I., twice arrested and released when detectives mistook him for a murder suspect, Calvin Coolidge Corl, 28, indignantly demanded a guarantee that he would not be picked up again, but was promptly locked up after police queried his home town, learned that he was wanted for forgery.

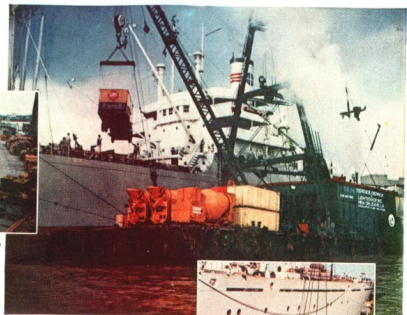
**The Son Is My Undoing.** In Long Beach, Calif., a jury acquitted Adam Thiele of drunken-driving charges after he explained that he had been unable to drive in a straight line because his ears were being tickled by the toes of his small son, riding in the back seat.



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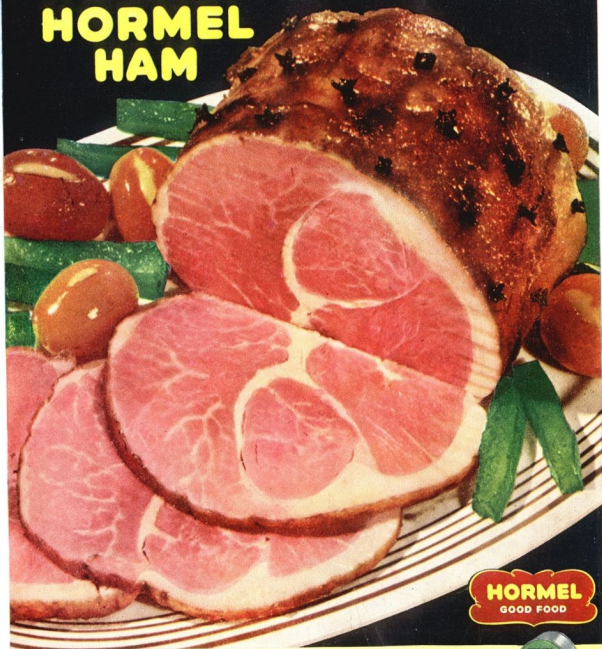
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